

# DIALOGUES,

SELECTED FROM

L U C I A N.

TOGETHER WITH HIS

METHOD OF WRITING HISTORY.

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TRANSLATED BY

THE REV. WM. FORD, *A. M.*

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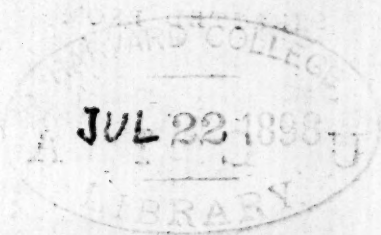
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DIALOGUE



Prof. M. H. Morgan

METHOD OF WRITING HISTORY

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NEW YORK

1914

1914



TO THE

Lord Visc. Mountmorres.

MY LORD,

**F**INDING myself, unexpectedly, under a Necessity of publishing this Translation, I beg leave to introduce it to the World, under your Lordship's Protection.

Proud in the Reflection of having been for many Years Preceptor to a Nobleman of your Lordship's distinguished Abilities, and still more, of one whose eminent Talents, so universally acknowledged, have uniformly, and ably, been exerted in Support of that Country which had the Honor of giving

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him

DEDICATION.

him Birth, I zealously embrace this Opportunity of adding my feeble Voice to the merited Applause of a whole Nation, and of offering my humble, but sincere Tribute of Respect, Admiration, and Gratitude to a Genius so exalted, and to a Consistency so rare.

I have the Honor to be,  
with greatest Deference,  
MY LORD,  
Your Lordship's  
most oblig'd and  
obedient humble Servant,

W M. F O R D.

MOLESWORTH STREET,  
Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> 1784.

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## P R E F A C E.

A VERY cursory perusal of the following Pages might serve to convince the Reader, without any other Information, that they never were intended to be presented to the Public, at least in their present loose Attire. They were, indeed, the Amusement of a leisure Hour, and undertaken for the sole Purpose of affording my Son more Time to bestow in comprehending and digesting the abstruser Science of Metaphysics,

## P R E F A C E.

physics, at a Period when I was convinced a Translation of this Kind could not be prejudicial, and might be serviceable to him. I am very far removed from the Vanity of wishing to be known as an Author, and had it not been for some unlucky Circumstances, this Work should have continued still to occupy its retired Corner within my Book-case. Having lately heard, to my great Surprize, that a Transcript had been clandestinely obtained, I made it my Business to examine into the Truth of a Report I could not give Credit to, without the clearest Proof, and after the most minute investigation, I

at length discovered that it actually

existed

## P R E F A C E.

actually got Possession of a Copy avowedly taken from my Manuscript. Apprehensive, lest there should be more surreptitious Copies, and anxious, lest greater Defects should creep in, than the Translation originally possessed,

I have determined to venture it into life, though under every Disadvantage arising from precipitation; and trust that the Peculiarity of these Circumstances, will in some Degree apologize for its being presented to the Public in such a State as solicits their Indulgence, while it relies upon their Candor.

I have determined to venture it  
and this though every day  
and every hour from my pen  
and I am confident that the  
of their Christianities will be found  
I regretted to find that they  
to do so. The fact is that there is  
which they are doing and which  
has upon their minds.



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## DIALOGUE I.

VENUS.—CUPID.

*Venus.* **H**OW comes it Cupid, that you, who have subdued all the other gods, Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Rhea, and me your mother, have only spared Minerva, towards whom your torch is cold, your quiver empty, and you yourself are a blind marksman, and deprived of the use of your bow.

*Cup.* Mother, I am afraid of her, for she is formidable, and stern looking, and of more than manly fierceness, and whenever I approach her with my bow bent, she terrifies me by shaking her crest, so that I tremble all over and my arms fall from my hands.

*Ven.* Was not Mars more terrible? yet you disarmed, and conquered him.

*Cup.* But he comes willingly and invites me to him; Minerva on the contrary always

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ways

ways frowns upon me; and if at any time, I inconsiderately come too near her with my torch, she exclaims, by Jove if you approach I will destroy you, either by running you through with my spear, or catching you up by the feet, whirl you into Tartarus, or tear you to pieces with my own hands. In this manner she often threatened me; then she looks fierce, and has a dreadful face on her shield, adorned with serpents instead of hair, which I greatly fear, for it terrifies me, and I fly whenever I see it.

*Ven.* You fear, you say, Minerva and her gorgon, though you do not fear the thunder of Jove: But how comes it that the Muses are unwounded by you, and safe from your darts? Do they shake their crests, and shew their gorgons.

*Cup.* I reverence them mother, for they are venerable, and are always thinking of, and taken up with musick; and I am often in their company attracted by their harmony.

*Ven.* Pass them by then because they are venerable; but why do you not wound Diana?

*Cup.* In short, because I cannot catch her, as she is always flying over the mountains: besides she has a particular love of her own.

*Ven.* Of what, my son?

*Cup.*

*Cup.* The love of stags and fawns, whom she pursues to take and to shoot, and is quite given up to them. But then her brother, though he is himself an archer, and far-darting.

*Ven.* I know, my son, you have often wounded him.

## DIALOGUE II.

APOLLO.—VULCAN.

*Vul.* **A**POLLO, did you see the new-born son of Maia ; how beautiful he is, he smiles upon every one, and evidently promises something great when he grows up ?

*Apol.* Shall I call him an infant, Vulcan, or like to come to much good, who is older than Iapetus in cunning.

*Vul.* But what crime can he be guilty of who is only just born ?

*Apol.* Ask Neptune, whose trident he pilfered ; or Mars, whose sword he privately stole out of the scabbard ; not to mention myself, whom he plundered of my bow and arrows.

*Vul.* A child do this, who can scarce move in his swaddling clothes ?

*Apol.* You will know, Vulcan, if ever he comes near you.

*Vul.* Indeed he has been here already.

*Apol.* And have you all your things safe ; have you lost none of them ?

*Vul.* All safe Apollo.

*Apol.* Look carefully however.

*Vul.* By Jove, I do not see my forceps.

*Apol.*

*Apol.* But you will find it among the child's swaddling clothes.

*Vul.* Is he then so light-fingered, as if he had studied pilfering in his mother's womb?

*Apol.* You never heard him harangue then? how wittily, and readily! he is desirous also of attending us; and challenging Cupid yesterday, he threw him immediately, tripping up his feet, I do not know how. Then in the midst of our praises he stole Venus's cestus, as she was embracing him upon his victory; and Jove's sceptre also, as he was laughing at him; and had not the thunderbolt been too heavy and hot for him, he would have filch'd that also.

*Vul.* A sharp youth he is, indeed, from your account.

*Apol.* He is moreover a musician.

*Vul.* Whence do you judge that?

*Apol.* Finding by chance a dead tortoise, he made an instrument of it, and fixing in a finger piece and neck, infixing reed screws, adding a sounding board, and stretching seven strings, he played, O Vulcan, most sweetly and harmoniously, so as even to make me who am used to play on the harp, envy him. Maia also says, that even at night he does not stay in heaven, but through his too great activity descends to hell, undoubtedly to steal something



from thence. He has wings also, and has provided himself with a rod of wonderful virtue, with which he leads the souls, and brings down the dead.

*Vul.* I gave it to him as a play-thing.

*Apol.* And he requited you by stealing your forceps.

*Vul.* That is well remembered, I will go therefore and try to recover it ; if perhaps it may be found among his swadling clothes.



## D I A L O G U E III.

MERCURY.—MAIA.

*Mer.* **I**S there another God in heaven, mother, more wretched than I am?

*Mai.* Do not say any such thing, Mercury.

*Mer.* Why should not I speak, who have so much to attend to, and am the only one so fatigued, and distracted with such a variety of offices? In the morning, as soon as I open my eyes, I must clean out the banqueting room. Then having set out the council-chamber and put every thing there in order, I must attend Jove, and carry his messages to and fro like a foot boy: and returning all covered with dust, I must hand him his ambrosia: nay, before this young butler came, I poured out his nectar also. And what is most shocking, I alone of them all am not allowed to rest even at night; but I must then bring down the dead to Pluto, and be the conductor of the shades, assisting at his tribunal. For my daily business is not sufficient for me, attending the wrestling schools, acting as cryer in the courts, and teaching the

orators, but I must also add to it, the managing the affairs of the dead.

Now there are the sons of Leda, that stay day about in heaven and in hell, while I must every day take care of things in both places. And the sons of Alcmena and Semele, born of miserable women, feast in quiet, while I, the son of Maia the daughter of Atlas, must attend them. And now, when I am just returned from Sidon, from the daughter of Cadmus, to whom he sent me to see how the girl did, without suffering me to draw breath, he is sending me again to Argos to visit Danae; from thence, says he, going to Bœotia, call on Antiope by the way; in short, I absolutely refused. And if I could, I would with pleasure do as the earthly servants who have severe masters.

*Mai.* Never mind that, my son; you who are so young ought to be obedient to your parent in every thing. And now, according to your orders, go quickly to Argos and then to Bœotia, lest you be beaten for loitering; for lovers are cholerick.

## DIALOGUE VI.

VENUS.—CUPID.

*Ven.* **O** Child, Cupid, see what you have done ; I do not mean what you have persuaded men on earth to do against themselves, or one another ; but what you have done in heaven, exhibiting Jupiter in various shapes, and changing him into whatever you please for the time. You even draw the moon down from heaven, and force the sun to forget his driving, and stay with Clymene. As for your injuries to me, them you commit with confidence. But O most audacious ! you have prevailed on Rhea herself who is old, and the mother of so many gods, to fall in love with a child, and to burn for that Phrygian youth. And now, by your artifice, she is mad, and traverses Ida with her yoked lions, attended by the Corybantes who are also crazy, calling loudly for her Attys—of the Corybantes, some cut their elbows with knives, others run wildly with their hair disheveled through the mountains ; one plays on the horn, another thunders

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with

with the trumpet, and a third screeches with a cymbal. In short, all is tumult and madness in Ida. I therefore fear every thing. I fear, lest having brought forth you, who are such, and so great a plague, Rhea recovering from her madness, or rather continuing in it, should order the Corybantes to catch and tear you in pieces, or throw you to her lions. Thus am I terrified, seeing you exposing yourself to danger.

*Cup.* Do not fear, mother, I am already familiar with the lions; for mounting on their backs, and holding by their manes, I ride them, while they wag their tails at me, and taking my hand in their mouth lick it, and restore it to me. As to Rhea, when will she have time to think of me, being wholly taken up with Attys. Besides, wherein am I unjust, shewing beautiful objects as they are? But you do not love beautiful objects, that is not my fault, or perhaps mother you would wish that you no longer loved Mars, or he you.

*Ven.* What a terrible boy you are, and subdue us all. Remember, however, what I have said.

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## DIALOGUE V.

PAN.—MERCURY.

*Pan.* **S**AVE your father Mercury.

*Mer.* Nay, and you also; but how became I your father?

*Pan.* Are you not the Cyllenian Mercury?

*Mer.* Certainly, but how are you my son?

*Pan.* Your natural son, born of a mistress.

*Mer.* By Jove; of some he-goat, perhaps galanting a she one. For how can you, who have horns, and such a snout, and a bristly beard, and cloven feet, with a tail hanging from your buttock, be my son?

*Pan.* However you may ridicule me, father, you only reproach your own son; or rather yourself, who begot, and propagated such children; but I am blameless.

*Mer.* But who was your mother do you say?—Did I ever unwittingly cohabit with a goat?

*Pan.* Not with a goat, but consider whether you did not ravish a free girl in  
Arcadia;



Arcadia ; why do you stand immerſed in thought, biting your nails, and in great amaze ? I mean Penelope, the daughter of Icarus.

*Mer.* How came ſhe then to bring forth the likenefs of a goat, rather than mine ?

*Pan.* I will tell you in her own words : When ſhe ſent me into Arcadia, child, ſays ſhe, I am your mother, Penelope of Sparta, but know, that you have a god to your father Mercury the ſon of Jupiter and Maia, and do not be concerned that you have horns on your head and goats-feet, becauſe your father when he lay with me, changed himſelf into a goat that he might be concealed.

*Mer.* By Jove I remember playing ſuch a prank. But muſt I, who am ſo proud of my beauty, and am beardless yet, be called your father, and be laughed at by all for my glorious offspring.

*Pan.* Indeed father, I ſhall not ſhame you ; for I am a muſician, and play with great ſpirit on pipes. Bacchus can do nothing without me, but has made me his friend and pot-companion, and I lead up his chorus ; you would alſo be much pleaſed to ſee my flocks, how many I have about Tega, and Parthenium, I am alſo governor of all Arcadia, and lately aſſiſting the Athenians, I did them ſuch ſervice at Marathon, that the cave under the citadel  
was



was allotted to me as a reward for my bravery. If ever you come to Athens, you will find how great the name of Pan is there.

*Mer.* But tell me Pan, (for so I think they call you) are you married yet?

*Pan.* No, Sir, I am a general lover, and cannot endure to be confined to one.

*Mer.* Undoubtedly you leap the she-goats.

*Pan.* You laugh at me, however I converse with Echo, and with Pitys, and with all the Mænades of Bacchus, and have much attention paid me by them.

*Mer.* Do you know then, my son, how you may oblige me in my first request?

*Pan.* Father, command me, it shall be my business to obey.

*Mer.* Come near me then and kiss me; but take care, do not call me father in any body's hearing

## DIALOGUE VI.

VULCAN. — JUPITER.

*Vul.* **W**HAT am I to do Jupiter? For I am come as you ordered me, with a very sharp hatchet, able to cut through stones at one blow, if necessary.

*Jup.* That is right, Vulcan, split my head in two therefore with a stroke of it.

*Vul.* You are trying if I am mad, but direct me truly as to what you want to have done.

*Jup.* Split my scull, I say, for if you refuse you shall experience my anger, not for the first time, but you must strike with all your might, and not hesitate, for I am destroyed with pains that distract my brain.

*Vul.* Take care, Jupiter, that we do no mischief, for the ax is sharp, and will not deliver you without blood, or like Lucina.

*Jup.* Only strike boldly, Vulcan, for I know what will happen.

*Vul.*

*Vul.* Unwillingly indeed, and yet I will strike. For what can one do when you command? Bless me! what is this? An armed girl! You had indeed, Jupiter, a terrible disorder in your head, and were justly testy, having such a living virago in your brain, and armed too. Unknown to yourself, you had there a camp and not an head. But see how she skips about, and dances in the military fashion; shakes her shield, brandishes her spear, and is enthusiastically roused. And what is most wonderful, is become already, in so short a time perfectly beautiful and marriageable, with blue eyes, and to whom even her helmet is an ornament. Be this then the reward of my having delivered you, O Jupiter, that I may be allowed to marry her.

*Jup.* Vulcan, you ask an impossibility, for she is determined ever to retain her virginity. For my part, however, I do not oppose you.

*Vul.* That is all I ask; leave the rest to me. I will quickly gain her.

*Jup.* Do so, if you think it so easy a matter. But know that you love what you can never enjoy.

## D I A L O G U E VII.

CUPID.—JUPITER.

*Cup.* **B**UT, Jupiter, if I have committed any fault, pardon me, for I am a little foolish child.

*Jup.* You a child, Cupid, who are much older than Iapetus? Is it because you have no beard, nor gray hairs, that you think to pass yourself for a child when you are a crafty old man?

*Cup.* In what have I then, an old man as you call me, injured you, that you should think of tying me?

*Jup.* See you wretch if it be but small. You who sport so with me, that there is nothing into which you have not changed me; a satyr, a bull, gold, a swan, an eagle. And yet you never made any of my mistresses love me; nor have I found myself pleasing to any woman by your means. But I am obliged to play tricks with them, and disguise myself. And they who are in love with a bull, or a swan, if they see me die away with fear.

*Cup.*

*Cup.* For a very good reason, because being mortals, they cannot support your fight, Jupiter.

*Jup.* How came Branchus then and Hyacinthus to love Apollo?

*Cup.* Yet Daphne fled even from him, though he has long hair and no beard. But if you will be beloved, do not shake your Ægis, nor brandish your thunder; but make yourself as pleasing as possible, letting your hair fall on each side, and covering your head with your mitre. Put on a purple robe, wear golden slippers, and walk in measure to the sound of the pipe or timbrel, and you will see that greater crowds will follow you than there are Mænades of Bacchus.

*Jup.* Away—I would not wish to appear amiable on these conditions.

*Cup.* Therefore, Jupiter, do not desire to love. That certainly is easy.

*Jup.* No; but I wish to love, and to enjoy my love on easier terms. I dismiss you however for your advice.



## DIALOGUE VIII.

DIOGENES.—HERCULES.

*Diog.* **I**S not this Hercules? It is no one else by Hercules; his bow, his club, his lion's skin, his stature. He is Hercules all over. The son of Jupiter then has died. But tell me, O great Conqueror, are you dead? For I have sacrificed to you on earth as to a God.

*Her.* You did right in sacrificing, for that Hercules is in heaven with the Gods, and is there married to the beautiful legg'd Hebe. I am only his image.

*Diog.* What mean you by the image of a God? Is it possible that one half shall be a God, and the other half die?

*Her.* It is: For he did not die, but I his shadow.

*Diog.* I apprehend. He gave you as his substitute instead of himself; and now you have died in his place.

*Her.* Some such thing.

*Diog.* How came it then, that Æacus who is so exact, did not perceive that you were not him, but received you who was only a supposititious Hercules?

*Her*



*Her.* Because I was so like him.

*Diog.* You say true; you are so exactly like him, as to be his very self. Take care then that it be not just the contrary to what you say; and that you are Hercules, and it is your image has married Hebe among the Gods.

*Her.* You are a very confident prater, and if you do not desist from scoffing me thus, you shall soon perceive of how great a God I am the image.

*Diog.* Your bow is ready, and at hand; but since I am dead, why should I fear you. But by your Hercules, tell me now, were you joined to him when he lived, and were you then his image? Or were you one in life, and dividing at your death he flew up to the Gods, and you his shadow as became you, passed into Hell?

*Her.* I should give no answer to a man who cavils designedly; however attend to this. What there was of Amphitryon in Hercules, that died; and I am all that; but whatever was of Jupiter, is in heaven with the Gods.

*Diog.* Oh! now I understand you clearly; Alcmena, you say, bore two Hercules's at once, one by Amphitryon, the other by Jove, though we did not know that ye were twins.

*Herc.* No, you fool—we two were one.

*Diog.*

*Diog.* It is not easy to conceive how two Hercules's should be compounded together, unless you were like the Ippo-Centaurs, a God and man united.

*Her.* Do not all men seem to you to be thus compounded of two natures, a soul and a body? What therefore is there to prevent the soul, which was of Jupiter, to be in heaven, and me the mortal part among the dead.

*Diog.* Good son of Amphitryon, your argument would have been excellent, had you been a body, but now you are a bodiless shade. Take care therefore that you have not made three Hercules's.

*Her.* How three?

*Diog.* Thus—If one be in heaven ;—another, that is you, among us ;—and the body which is already become dust, in Æta ; here are three. Consider therefore what third father you can think of for the body.

*Her.* You are a confident sophist.—But who are you?

*Diog.* The shade of Diognes the Sinopian, who am not, by Jove, among the Gods ; but converse with the best of the dead, deriding Homer, and such fabulists.

## DIALOGUE IX.

MICYLLUS.—COCK.

*Mic.* **M**AY Jupiter himself confound you, thou vilest of cocks, so envious and shrill voiced, who, by your loud and clamorous crowing, awoke me out of the sweetest dream, wherein I was enriched and blest with supreme happiness; so that not even by night can I escape poverty, a much worse evil than you. And if I might conjecture, both from the profound stillness, and from the cold which does not bite me as sharply as at the dawn (for that is my most sure sign of the approach of day) it is not yet midnight. But he, as watchful as if he guarded the golden fleece, has kept crowing since evening. You shall pay for it when day appears, for I will get satisfaction by brain-ing you with my club.

*Cock.* Master Micyllus, I thought to do you service, by outrunning the night as much as I could, that by your rising early, you might have an opportunity of finishing

ing most of your work : For if you make one sole before sun-rise, it will enable you to purchase food. But as you choose to sleep, I will be quiet, and as dumb as a fish. Take care however, lest growing rich in your sleep, you wake to hunger.

*Mic.* O wonder-working Jupiter, and Hercules the averter of evil ! What prodigy is this ? My cock speaks like a man.

*Cock.* Does it seem so wonderful to you, that I speak your language ?

*Mic.* Can it be but wonderful ? Ye Gods avert this omen from me.

*Cock.* You seem to me, Micyllus, to be very illiterate, and entirely unacquainted with Homer's Poems ; in which Achilles's horse, Xanthus, ceasing from neighing, stopped to speak in the midst of a battle, pouring out whole verses, and not out of measure, as I do now ; prophesying also and declaring future events. And all this without being thought to do any thing extraordinary ; neither did his hearer invoke the averter of evil, thinking he had heard something ominous, as you did. But what would you have said, had the rudder of the ship Argo addressed you ; or if, as of old, you had heard a beech tree in the wood of Dodona uttering oracles ; or if you had seen bulls hides creep, or heard  
their

their flesh bellowing, when half roasted on the spits. But I who am assistant to Mercury, the most eloquent of all the gods, and also your inmate and companion, why should it surprize you that I have learned the human language? But if you promise secrecy, I will acquaint you with the real cause of my being able to speak your language, and how I came by that power.

*Mic.* But is not all this a dream of my hearing a cock speak in this manner. Tell me by Mercury, O excellent creature, how you came to speak thus. As to my keeping the secret, you need not fear, for who would believe me, should I tell them, that I heard these things from a cock.

*Cock.* Listen then, I know I shall amaze you; the very cock that now speaks to you, was lately a man.

*Mic.* Indeed I formerly heard some such story about you: as that there was a youth called Alectrion, the friend of Mars, and his pot-companion, and a sharer in all his pleasures. Whenever therefore Mars went to visit Venus, he used to take Alectrion with him. And being particularly apprehensive of Sol, lest seeing him, he would acquaint Vulcan with it, he used always to leave the youth without doors, to give notice of the Sun's appearance; that Alectrion once fell asleep, and unwittingly betrayed his trust, by which means

Sol



Sol privately discovered Mars and Venus enjoying each other securely, not doubting but Alectrion would give notice if any one approached; and that Vulcan being informed of every thing by the Sun, detected them by catching them in a net of chains, which he had ready prepared for them; that Mars, when set at liberty, being angry with Alectrion, changed him, armed as he was, into a bird of the same name, with a comb on his head instead of a crest; and that therefore ye to excule yourselves to Mars, when ye perceive the rising sun, crow aloud to give notice of his approach, though it now answers no purpose.

*Cock.* They tell such a story, Micyllus, but mine is quite another thing, and I was very lately changed into a cock.

*Mic.* But how, for I greatly desire to know?

*Cock.* You have heard of Pythagoras, the son of Mnesarchides of Samos.

*Mic.* What, that arrogant sophist, who made a law against eating flesh or tasting beans? Thus turning from table what is to me the most pleasing food. Endeavouring also to persuade men to a five years silence.

*Cock.* You know also that he was Euphorbus, before he was Pythagoras.

*Mic.*

*Mic.* O Cock they sayt hat the man was a cheat and an impostor.

*Cock.* I am that same Pythagoras: therefore don't abuse me, as you are quite unacquainted with my manners.

*Mic.* This is more wonderful than the other. A cock a philosopher! But tell me O son of Mnesarchus, how from a man you became a bird, and a Tanagrian instead of a Samian. These things are neither probable nor credible, especially as I have observed two things in you, wherein you totally differ from Pythagoras.

*Cock.* What are they?

*Mic.* One is that you are talkative and clamorous, whereas he I think, exhorted people to keep silence for five entire years. The other is an evident contradiction to your own laws. For having nothing else to give you, I threw you yesterday, as you know, some beans, which you eat up without scruple. You must therefore necessarily have told either a lye, and be somebody else; or if you are Pythagoras, have broke through your own laws, and are as guilty in eating beans as if you had devoured your father's head.

*Cock.* You do not know Micyllus, the reason of these things, nor what is suitable to different persons. I did not eat beans then, because I was a philosopher, but now I eat them as being a bird, to whom

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this

this sort of food is not forbidden. Listen then and learn if you please, how from Pythagoras I became what I am ; in how many other forms I have lived before, and what advantages I gained by each change.

*Mic.* Speak on, as thereby you will please me most highly so much ; that if any one was to leave it to my choice, whether I would rather listen to your relation of these things, or fall again into the happy dream I had just now, I don't know which I would prefer ; so congenial do I look upon your story to be with what is most pleasing, and so equally do I honor you both ; you I mean and the precious dream.

*Cock.* Do you still dwell upon that dream you had lately, and attend to those vain images, imprinting on your mind that empty, and, as the poet expresses it, vanishing happiness.

*Mic.* Be assured good Cock that I shall never forget that vision, which left at its departure, such pleasure in mine eyes that I could scarcely open my eye lids for it, they were so desirous of continuing the nap ; and I was as much tickled at what I saw, as if my ears had been tickled with a soft feather.

*Cock.* By Hercules you express a wonderful love for a dream, which being winged as they say, and having its flight confined to the night, has already over-leaped

leaped its bounds, and dwells upon your open eyes, appearing so mellifluent and plain, I should be glad to hear what it was that pleased you so.

*Mic.* I am ready to tell you, for it gives me pleasure to recollect and speak of it. But when will you, Pythagoras, acquaint me with your transformation?

*Cock.* As soon as you have done dreaming, Micyllus, and have washed the honey from your eyes. But tell your story first, that I may know whether the dream came flying to you through the ivory or horn gate.

*Mic.* Through neither of them, Pythagoras.

*Cock.* Yet Homer mentions but these two.

*Mic.* Never mind that foolish poet, who knows nothing about dreams. Poor dreams, perhaps, such as he saw, (and that not very distinctly as he is blind) might fly out of such. But this the pleasantest of all dreams, flew to me through certain golden gates, being gold itself, and all surrounded with gold, and bringing much gold with it.

*Cock.* Stop your harangue of gold good Midas; for like his wish, your dream seems to have brought to you whole veins of gold.

*Mic.* I saw much gold Pythagoras, very much; how beautiful it was! how splendid it shone! What is it Pindar says in its

praise? Remind me of it if you can; where after calling water the best thing, he wisely sets out with the most beautiful verses in praise of gold.

*Cock.* Is this what you want?—"Water is the best; but gold, which like a glowing fire, shining in the night, excels all Pluto's other gifts."

*Mic.* By Jove the very one. Pindar there praises gold as if he had seen my dream. But that you may at length know what it was, listen O most wise Cock. You know that I did not eat at home yesterday. For the rich Eucrates meeting me in the assembly, desired me to wash and sup at such an hour with him.

*Cock.* I know it very well, for I was starving the whole day, 'till you coming home drunk very late at night, gave me five beans; no extravagant supper for a cock who had formerly been a wrestler, and acquired honor at the Olympic games.

*Mic.* After having given you the beans on my return from supper, I soon fell asleep. When, according to Homer, a "Dream that was surely divine presenting itself to me."

*Cock.* But first tell me Micyllus, what happened at Eucrates, with an account of the supper, what it was, and every thing about the entertainment; for nothing need prevent your supping again. Introduce  
your



your supper therefore as a dream, and chew the meat over again in imaginatibn.

*Mic.* I thought I should be troublesome in mentioning it, but since you desire it, I will tell you. Pythagoras, I never before supped with a rich man; but luckily meeting Eucrates yesterday, I as usual saluted him with the title of Lord, and was going away, that I might not shame him by being seen in his company in the tattered condition I then was, when he said, Micyllus, I keep this a festival, as it is my daughter's birth-day, and have invited a good many friends; but as I am told that one of them being ill, will not be able to sup with us, do you bathe and supply his place, unless he acquaints me that he will come, which at present is a matter of doubt. When I heard this, making him an humble reverence, I departed, praying to all the gods, to send down either a fever or pleurisy, or the gout, on the sick man, whose substitute, proxy, and successor at the supper I was appointed. The time between that and bathing seemed to me the longest I ever remembered, and I often looked when the hour of bathing would come; when it came I immediately set out, being very neatly dressed, with my coat turned, that the cleanest part might appear.

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At the door I found many of the guests, and him among the rest, in whose place I was invited, and who was said to be sick, born upon four mens shoulders, and appearing evidently to be much disordered, for he groaned and coughed hollow, spitting from his lungs thick tough phlegm, being pale and swollen, and about sixty years old. They said he was one of the philosophers who jest with the youths. His beard was very like a goats, and stood much in need of clipping. When Archibius, his physician, scolded him for coming out in the condition he was, he said, that no one, much less a philosopher, should neglect his duty, although a thousand diseases should oppose him, and that Eucrates would think himself disregarded by us; I answered, not at all; but would have been better pleased with you if you had chosen to have died quietly at home, rather than cough out your life and phlegm together in the midst of the entertainment. He, however, through pride affected not to hear my sarcasm. Shortly after Eucrates came out from bathing, and seeing Thesmopolis, (for that was the name of the philosopher) master, says he, you have done well in coming to us, though you would have had no loss, had you stayed away, since every thing should have been sent to you in order. So saying, he gave his  
hand

hand as he went in to him who was supported by his servants.

I then was going away, when he, turning about, stood hesitating for a very long time, but when he saw how dejected I looked, well Micyllus, says he, come you in also to supper. I will make my son sup in the womens apartment with his mother, to make room for you. So I entered, after having almost been the wolf gaping in vain, ashamed however, as I was the cause of Eucrates' son being excluded from the feast. When supper was served, they first took up Thesmopolis and placed him at the table, not indeed without difficulty, five lusty young men as I think supporting him on all sides with their necks, that he might preserve his posture, and continue in it for some time. No one wishing to sit near him, they thrust me up to him that we might use the same table. Then, Pythagoras, we had a plentiful and variegated meat supper, served up on abundance of gold and silver; our cups were of gold; the servants handsome, with singers, and jesters; in short, I was most happy. One thing, however, grieved me much, which was the impertinence of Thesmopolis, declaiming upon something he called virtue; telling me that two negatives make one affirmative, and that if it be day it is not night. Sometimes he said I had horns, and thus

he plagued me who had no wish for it with his philosophy, interrupting my pleasure, and not suffering me to hear either the music or the singing : So much for our supper, good Cock.

*Cock.* It was none of the pleasantest, especially after you was allotted to that foolish old man.

*Mic.* Hear now the dream : I thought that Eucrates becoming childless some way or other, was dying and sent for me, and making his will, left me his heir, and shortly after died. As soon I was in possession of his fortune, methought I drank silver and gold out of certain large vessels, which flowed always plentifully. Every thing belonging to him, cloaths, tables, cups, slaves seemed to be mine. Then I went lolling in my carriage drawn by white horses, to be seen and envied by all the spectators. Many ran before me, several rode about me, and more followed, putting on his cloaths, and adorning my fingers, with about sixteen heavy rings, I ordered a splendid banquet in order to entertain my friends. They, as is usual in dreams, instantly met ; the entertainment was served up, and the wine filled about. While I was thus situated, drinking to all present, out of the golden cups, and the desert just brought in, your unseasonable crowing confounded our feast, overturned the tables, dispersed

disperſed the gold, and made it fly about at the mercy of the winds. Do you think then, that I, who would be glad to repeat the ſame dream for three nights ſucceſſively, was unjuſtly angry with you.

*Cock.* Are you then Micyllus ſo fond of money, and deſirous of wealth? Do you admire it above all things, and eſteem it delightful to enjoy much riches?

*Mic.* Not only I think ſo, Pythagoras, but even you, when you was Euphorbus went out to fight the Greeks with your hair plaited with gold and ſilver, and that in time of war, when it was more uſeful to carry iron than gold. But you even then ventured to expoſe yourſelf to danger with a fillet of gold round your braided hair. And Homer ſeems to me to have compared your locks, to thoſe of the Graces, becauſe they were ornamented with gold and ſilver. For that hair appears to beſt advantage, and moſt beautiful, that is bound about with gold, and glitters with it. Nor is it wonderful that you the ſon of Panthus loved gold, ſince the father of gods and men, when formerly he was in love with that Grecian maid, having nothing more valuable into which he could change himſelf or with which he could corrupt Acrifus's guard, you have heard how he became gold, and gliding through the tiles enjoyed his love. And why



should I enunetate to you the various uses of gold, and how it renders those who are possessed of it beautiful, and wise, and strong; conferring on them honor, and glory, and on a sudden making those conspicuous and famous who were a little before unknown and unesteemed.

You know my neighbour Simon, of the same trade with myself, who lately supped with me on a soup of herbs with shreds of black pudding cut into it.

*Cock.* I know the flat-nosed diminutive mortal, who stealing the only earthen dish we had, carried it off after supper under his arm: I saw him do it, Micyllus.

*Mic.* And after stealing it, denied it by all the gods: But good Cock, why did not you discover it, and bawl out when you saw we were robbed.

*Cock.* I chuckled, which was all I could do at that time: But what of this Simon? You seem to have something to say about him.

*Mic.* He had an old relation who was very rich, Drimulus by name, who when living would not give Simon a farthing; and why not? Because he never spent a farthing himself. But lately on his death this Simon who was all in rags, who was glad to regale himself with licking the dishes, was put into legal possession of all his fortune, and now joyfully rides about,  
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clad in purple and scarlet, having slaves, and chariots, and golden drinking vessels, and ivory tables, being revered by all, and not deigning now even to look on us. Seeing him lately walking before me, I said "good morrow to you Simon." Being highly offended, order that beggar, says he, not to curtail my name; I am called Simonides, not Simon. But the most extraordinary thing of all is, that even the women are in love with him; of whom, he scornfully overlooks some, and others he is kind to, whilst those who are neglected threaten to destroy themselves. You see therefore the good effects of gold; transforming the deformed, and making them amiable, like the poetical Cestus. Some of whom you may hear exclaiming, "O blessed gold! thou best possession!" And—"Gold it is that reigns over men." —But what makes you laugh Cock?

*Cock.* Because through ignorance you, Micyllus, are as much mistaken as others, in your notion of the rich. But be assured they live more wretchedly than you. This I who have been often poor and rich, and have experienced every life, declare to you. And you yourself shall be satisfied of it shortly.

*Mic.* By Jove, it is now time that you should recount your changes, and what you observed in each of them.

*Cock.*

*Cock.* Listen then. But let me first observe this to you, that I never knew any one who lived happier than you.

*Mic.* Than me, Cock! May you enjoy the same happiness—You provoke me to curse you.—But come, beginning from Euphorbus, tell me how you were changed into Pythagoras, and so on in order till we come to this last change into the Cock. For 'tis probable that you have both seen and suffered many things in the various transformations you have undergone.

*Cock.* It would be too tedious for me now to mention, how my soul flying down from Apollo, first entered into a human body that it might be punished. Neither besides is it lawful for me to relate, nor for you to hear such things. But when I became Euphorbus——

*Mic.* But O wonderful, Sir, first tell me who I was before I became what I am? Or whether I also was transformed as well as you?

*Cock.* You certainly were.

*Mic.* What was I then, if you can tell me? For I would be glad to know that.

*Cock.* You were an Indian Ant, of that species who dig up the gold.

*Mic.* And wretch that I am, I missed the opportunity of carrying away some grains to bear my charges when I came into this life. But what shall I be after this? for  
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it is likely that you know. If any good awaits me, I will hang myself immediately from that beam on which you stand.

*Cock.* You cannot know that by any means.

But when I was Euphorbus (for to that I return) I fought at Troy, and being killed by Menelaus, after some time I became Pythagoras, for I was so long without an house, till Mnesarchus formed one for me.

*Mic.* Did you live also without meat and drink, my friend?

*Cock.* Undoubtedly. For nothing requires them but the body.

*Mic.* But first tell me about the affairs of Troy; did they all happen as Homer relates them?

*Cock.* How should he know anything about them, Micyllus, who while they were going on was a camel in Bactria. But this I tell you, that nothing supernatural happened there; neither was Ajax so great, nor Hellen herself so beautiful as is thought. For I have seen her white and very long neck, from whence she was fabled to be the daughter of a swan. Otherwise she was very old, nearly of an age with Hecuba. For Theseus, who lived in Hercules's time ran away with her, and kept her at Aphidne. Now Hercules formerly took Troy in our father's time, who

who were then in their bloom. Pantheus told me this, adding that he saw Hercules when he was very young.

*Mic.* I pray you did Achilles so much excell them all? Or is that another lye?

*Cock.* I never encountered him, Micyllus, nor can I be very exact as to the Grecian affairs. How could I, being an enemy. His companion however, Patroclus, I killed without much difficulty, piercing him with my spear.

*Mic.* As Menelaus did you afterwards with much less difficulty. But it is enough; proceed now to give an account of Pythagoras.

*Cock.* In short Micyllus the man was a cheat to speak honestly. Otherwise he was learned and of great knowledge. I travelled into Ægypt, to confer with the prophets about wisdom, and being admitted to their temples, I there made myself master of the books of Orus and Isis. Returning back to Italy, I so instructed the Greeks of those times that they esteemed me a god.

*Mic.* So I have heard; and that dying you were thought to come to life again, and that sometimes you shewed them your golden thigh. But pray tell me the reason of your forbidding men to eat flesh or beans?

*Cock.* Do not ask me that Micyllus.

*Mic.*



*Mic.* Why Cock?

*Cock.* Because I am ashamed to own the truth.

*Mic.* But you need not be ashamed to tell it to your friend and chum, for I will no more call myself your master.

*Cock.* There was nothing of reason or wisdom in it, but I thought if I should only teach the usual things, and what others taught before me, I should not attract men's admiration: But that the more out of the way my doctrines were, the more extraordinary I should seem to them. Therefore I determined to strike out something new, the cause of which must not be explained; that so every one forming their own judgments, they should be amazed, as by the riddles of an oracle.

*Mic.* See now; you are making sport of me, as you did formerly of those of Corona, Metapontus, Tarentum, and your other dumb followers, who adored the prints of your feet where you walked.

But when you threw off Pythagoras, what did you become?

*Cock.* Aspasia, the courtesan of Milcetus.

*Mic.* O wonderful, what do I hear! and was Pythagoras a woman among his other metamorphoses? Was there then a time, most noble Cock, when you hatched eggs, and cohabited with Pericles, when you  
were

were Aspasia, and were with child by him, and teased wool, and spun thread, and were so entirely a woman as to be an harlot?

*Cock.* All this I did, and not I only, but Tiresias before me, and Cæneus the son of Elatus did the same. In reproaching me, therefore, you also reproach them.

*Mic.* But whether was your life more happy when you were a man, or when Pericles cohabited with you?

*Cock.* Do you see what a question you have asked, which even Tiresias himself could not answer!

*Mic.* Well, if you will not tell, Euripides has sufficiently determined the question, declaring that he would rather thrice expose his life in battle, than endure labor once.

*Cock.* And I give you notice, Miccyllus, that you, ere it be long, shall bear a child; for you also in time shall be a woman.

*Mic.* Cock, don't you deserve to be strangled, for supposing us all to be Milesians or Samians? But they say, that when you were the beautiful Pythagoras, you often were an Aspasia to a tyrant.

But from Aspasia did you appear next as man or woman?

*Cock.* I was the Cynick, Crates.

*Mic.* O Castor and Pollux. the contrast! a philosopher from an harlot!

*Cock.* Then a king, then a beggar, and shortly after a nobleman; then an horse, a daw,

daw, a frog, and a thousand other things too tedious to enumerate. And of late, frequently a cock, with which life I am delighted, and after being a slave to several others, kings, beggars, and rich men, I am at length your inmate, and laugh daily at your complaints and lamentations of your poverty, and admiration of the rich, being ignorant of the misfortunes that attend them. If you were but to see the cares with which they are possessed, you would laugh at yourself for having ever esteemed a rich man happy.

*Mic.* Therefore, O Pythagoras, or by whatever name you most like to be called, that I may not confound what I am about to say, by calling you sometimes one thing, sometimes another.

*Cock.* It makes no difference whether you call me Euphorbus, or Pythagoras, or Aspasia, or Crates, since I am all these. But you will do better to call me Cock, which I now represent, that you may not seem to despise a common bird, who has yet so many souls in him.

*Mic.* But Cock, tell me, since you have experienced almost every kind of life, and know every thing; tell me plainly, I say, the peculiarities both of the rich and poor in their manner of living, that I may be able to judge whether what you say be true, when you assert that I am happier than the rich.

*Cock.*

*Cock.* Take it in this light, Micyllus. When you hear of the enemy's approach, you are not concerned, nor anxious lest they should tear up your land, or destroy your garden, or burn your vineyards; but as soon as you hear the trumpet, if you do hear it, you look only to yourself, how you may be safe, and escape the danger, whilst they are both anxious, for themselves, and are grieved at beholding from the walls, all that they had in the fields carried off and plundered. If any tax is to be raised they alone are sent for, or if a sally is to be made, they as leaders of horse and foot, are first exposed to danger; whilst you, furnished with an osier shield, are equiped and light for providing for your own safety, and prepared to share in the banquet, when the victorious general shall offer a sacrifice.

In peace, you as one of the people, going to the assembly, tyrannise over the rich, whilst they quake and fear, and appease you with largesses. For you they labor, that you may have baths, and combats and shews, and other necessary enjoyments; while you a severe censor and inquisitor, as if you were their master, will sometimes not vouchsafe to speak to them; and if you choose can hail down showers of stones upon them, or confiscate their goods. You are not afraid of the sycophant, or  
the

the robber, lest he should deprive you of your money by climbing over your walls, or breaking into your house; nor are you plagued with accounts or calling in debts, or disputing with knavish stewards, being distracted with such a variety of cares. But having finished your shoe, and received seven oboli for it, you quit work and sun-fet, and bathe if you please; then buying an herring or some sprats, or a few heads of garlick, you refresh yourself, singing merrily, and philosophizing with excellent poverty.

By this means you preserve your health, are strong in your body, and hardy against cold; for your labors sharpening you, render you no despicable antagonist against things that seem to others to be invincible; therefore none of the inveterate diseases attack you, and if at any time a slight fever seizes you, submitting to it for a short time, you soon get free, shaking it off by abstinence, and it flies away afraid of you, seeing you strongly supported by cold, and putting all the quackeries of physick at defiance. But they, wretched through intemperance, what maladies are not they afflicted with? gout, consumptions, asthmas, and dropsies. These are appendages to their sumptuous suppers. Some of them also, like Icarus, flying too high, and approaching nearer than they



they ought to the sun, not considering that their wings are only fixed on with wax, sometimes make a great crash, falling headlong into the sea, while those who like Dædalus, are not too flighty and high-minded, but keep near the earth, that the wax may be sometimes sprinkled by the sea, for the most part fly safe.

*Mic.* You mean the moderate and the prudent.

*Cock.* You may see, Micyllus, the shameful shipwreck of those others in the case of Croesus, who having his wings clipped, was laughed at by the Persians when he ascended the pile; and in Dionysius, who being deprived of his power, taught grammar at Corinth, and descending from such a state, instructed children in spelling.

*Mic.* But tell me, O Cock, when you were a king, (for you have confessed that you have reigned) how did you find that life? Undoubtedly you were happy, enjoying what is esteemed the supreme good.

*Cock.* Don't remind me, Micyllus, of the great misery I suffered then. I indeed appeared as to every thing external, as you said, to be happy. But inwardly distracted with innumerable cares.

*Mic.* What are they, for you tell me something wonderful and incredible.

*Cock.* I reigned over a large territory, Micyllus, that was very fruitful, and much

to be admired for the number of its people, and beauty of its cities; having also navigable rivers, and good ports to the sea. I had also a large army, with a well appointed body of horse, and a number of guards and ships; an immense quantity of riches, and a great deal of carved gold, and the other appendages of empire in abundance. Whenever, therefore, I appeared in public, the multitude adored me, and looked on me as on a God, and ran in crouds to have a sight of me. Some getting upon the roofs of the houses, thought it a great matter if they got an exact view of the carriage; the purple, the diadem, those who went first, and those who followed, while I, knowing the variety of things that troubled, and distracted me, pardoned their ignorance, but commiserated myself, comparing myself to those great Colossus's that Phidias or Miro, or Praxiteles made. For each of them externally represented a Neptune, or a most amiable Jupiter formed of gold and ivory, holding in his right hand a thunderbolt, or lightning, or a trident. But if stooping under, you should look within, you would see bars, flakes, and nails, driven quite through, and beams and staves, and pitch and clay, and great deal of such filth. I omit the number of mice and weasles, that  
often

often make a settlement there. Such is a kingdom.

*Mic.* But you did not explain what you meant by the mud, stakes, and bars in government: Or wherein consists its great deformity. As to being carried about in public, being admired, governing so many, and being adored as a god, all that agrees with your Colossus. For this is divine; but now explain the inside of the Colossus.

*Cock.* What shall I begin with then, Micyllus? Their fears and their consuming cares, their suspicions, the hatred of all their intimates, the conspiracies against them, and their little sleep on that account, and that broken; their dreams distressing, their thoughts perplexed, and their hopes always bad? Or their never having a moments time to themselves; their money affairs, their judgments, marches, edicts, treaties, and computations? From whence it happens that they can enjoy no pleasure even in their dreams. For it is necessary that he alone should watch for all, and attend to a variety of things; "For neither does sweet sleep surprize Agamemnon revolving many things in his mind," although all the rest of the Greeks lay snoring in their beds. His dumb son grieves the Lydian; \* Clearchus joining his forces

\* Croesus.

to Cyrus, grieves the Persian; § Dion, conferring with certain Syracusians, another; ‡ the praised Parmenio, frets another; † Ptolemy frets Seleucus, and Seleucus Ptolemy. If the loved boy be unwilling, or the mistress fond of another; if a report be spread of an insurrection, or three or four of the body-guard whisper together, these things grieve him; and the worst of all is, that he must be chiefly suspicious of his friends, and live in constant dread of danger from them. For some have been poisoned by their children, others by their mistresses, and others taken off by similar deaths.

*Mic.* For shame, Cock, what you mention is shocking. It is, therefore, much safer for me to cut my leather stooping, than to drink a friendly mixture of hemlock or aconite, out of a golden cup. For all my danger is, that if my paring-knife should slip, and go the wrong way, it might draw a little blood from my cut finger. But they partake of deadly feasts, and that surrounded with innumerable plagues. And when they fall, they seem to be like the tragic actors, many of whom you may see for a time appearing as a Cecrops, a Sisyphus, or a Telephus, with diadems,

§ Artaxerxes Mnemon.

‡ Dionysius.

† Alexander.

happen

and ivory hilted swords, with flowing hair and embroidered gowns. But if, as it often happens, any of them should make a false step, and fall on the stage, the spectators would laugh, seeing his mask and diadem broken, his real head bloody, and his limbs for the most part exposed, so that his inner dress appears, which is only miserable rags, and the deformity of his buskins not fitting his feet. You see, good Cock, how you have taught me to draw likenesses. The life of a king then appeared such to you; but when you were a horse, or a dog, or a fish or a frog, how did you like that state?

*Cock.* What you now mention would require a long discussion, not at all suited to the present time; only take this in general, that there is not one life among them that does not seem to me more calm than man's, as they are confined entirely to natural desires and wants. For you will never meet with an horse an usurer, a frog a sycophant, a jack-daw a sophist, a gnat a glutton, a cock a pathick, or any other such characters as you are well used to among men.

*Mic.* Cock, these things may be true, but I am not ashamed to tell you what I suffer. I cannot forget the desire which I had from a child of being wealthy; my dream also is ever present to my eyes,  
shewing



shewing me the gold ; but I am chiefly tormented by that wicked Simon, who wallows in wealth.

*Cock.* I will cure you of that disorder, Micyllus ; and since it is yet night, arise and follow me, and I will bring you to that very Simon, and into the houses of other rich men, that you may see how affairs go with them.

*Mic.* How can you do that, as the doors are shut ? except you force me to break through the walls.

*Cock.* Not at all. But Mercury, whose bird I am, gave me this peculiar privilege, that if any one takes the last and longest feather in my tail, that curls from its softness.—

*Mic.* But there are two such.

*Cock.* To whomsoever I shall give the right one of these, he shall be able as long as I please to open every door, and to see every thing without being seen himself.

*Mic.* I did not know, Cock, that you were a juggler also. But if you once give me this power, you shall soon see all Simon's wealth transported hither, for when I return, I will bring it all with me, and he shall again return to his old state of gnawing his soles.

*Cock.* That cannot be ; for Mercury ordered me, if the person who had the  
-C feather

feather should attempt any such thing, that I, by crowing, should detect him.

*Mic.* I can't believe you. Shall Mercury the god of thieves keep others from being so? But let us go however, I will abstain from the gold if I can.

*Cock.* But first pluck out the feather. What have you done? You have pulled both out.

*Mic.* The better cock, and less disgraceful for you, that you may not seem deficient in part of your tail.

*Cock.* Be it so. Shall we go then first to Simon, or to some other rich man?

*Mic.* To Simon by all means, who, becoming rich has thought proper to lengthen out his name from two to four syllables. We are at the door; what shall I do next?

*Cock.* Put the feather into the key-hole.

*Mic.* See now, O Hercules! the door opens as with a key.

*Cock.* Conduct us in. Do you see him sleepless, and at his computations?

*Mic.* I see him indeed by a small and almost burnt out lamp. He is pale, O Cock! I do not know why, and reduced to a skeleton, worn out undoubtedly by his cares; for I have not heard of his having any other sickness.

*Cock.* Hear what he says; you will then know how he became thus.

*Simon.*

*Simon.* Those seventy talents are at length safely buried under my bed, unknown to any one. But Sosylus the groom saw me, I believe; hide the sixteen under the manger; for he is now always about the stable, though before he was not very attentive or fond of work. It is probable that I have been plundered of much more than this. How otherwise could Tibias have given so great a supper yesterday; and I hear he gave five drachmæ for a pair of ear-rings for his wife. Thus they squander the effects of wretched me. Neither are my drinking cups, considering what a quantity of them I have, sufficiently secure. I dread lest any one breaking through the wall should carry them off. Many envy me, and frame plots against me, particularly my neighbour Micyllus.

*Mic.* Yes, to be sure, I am very like you, and steal away plates under my arms.

*Cock.* Hold your tongue, Micyllus, lest he find out that we are here.

*Simon.* It will be my best way then to keep awake, and watch it. I will walk round the whole house. Who's that? I see you, by Jove, you wall-breaker. It's well that you are only a post. I will dig it up, and reckon over my buried money, lest I may have lost some of it lately.—Hark! some one makes a noise near me.

I am plundered and cheated by every body. Where's my sword?—If I catch any body—let me bury my gold again.

*Cock.* This is Simon's life, Micyllus: But let us go to some other, as we have yet a little of the night left.

*Mic.* O, wretch! what a life does he lead. May my enemies be thus rich.—But I will depart, after giving him a slap in the chops.

*Simon.* Who struck me! I am robbed, wretch that I am.

*Mic.* Lament and watch, and may your body which pines over it, become of the same colour with your gold. But if you please we will look in on Gniphos the usurer. He lives not far from hence. His door is open.

*Cock.* You find him also watching thro' care; computing his usury with his shrivelled fingers, who must shortly leave all this, and become a worm, a gnat, or a fly.

*Mic.* I see a wretched foolish man, who even now lives a life very little superior to a worm or a gnat, he is so entirely consumed by his calculations. Let us go to some other.

*Cock.* To your friend, Eucrates, if you please. And see his door also is open, therefore let us go in.

*Mic.*

*Mic.* All these things were mine just now.

*Cock.* Are you still dreaming of riches? Do you see then Eucrates, old as he is, with his servant?

*Mic.* Yes, I see an effeminate pathick, and an unmanly vice; and his wife in another corner, whoring with the cook.

*Cock.* Would you then wish to be their heir, Micyllus, and to inherit all their possessions?

*Mic.* By no means, Cock. I had rather perish with hunger, than submit to such things. Adieu then, O gold, and ye suppers! I would rather be master of only two oboli, than have my house thus broke open by my servants.

*Cock.* But now since day is at hand, let us return home, Micyllus, you shall see the rest another time.



## D I A L O G U E X.

## AUCTION OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

JUPITER—MERCURY—MERCHANTS—PY-  
THAGORAS—DIOGENES—DEMOCRITUS—  
HERACLITUS—SOCRATES—CHRYSHIP-  
PUS—PYRRHIAS.

*Jup.* DO you settle the seats, and prepare the place for the spectators. Do you bring out the Philosophers, and place them in order; but first trim them out, that they may look well and allure more bidders. And be you, Mercury, the cryer, and successfully invite purchasers to come to the market. We are now going to put up Philosophers of all sorts, and different sects. And if the purchaser cannot lay down ready money, he shall be allowed a year's credit, giving security.

*Mer.* Here is a large company, therefore we should not delay, nor keep them waiting long.

*Jup.* Begin then.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* Whom shall I set up first?

*Jup.* That long haired Jonian; he has a good venerable look.

*Mer.* You, Pythagoras, come down here, that the company may see you.

*Jup.* Make proclamation.

*Mer.* Here I set up a most excellent and venerable life. Who buys? Who would be more than man? Who would wish to hear the harmony of the spheres, and return to life again?

*Merchant.* He has a good look; but wherein consists his chief knowledge?

*Mer.* He is an arithmetician, an astronomer, a wonder-worker, a geometrician, a musician, and a juggler. You have before you a finished prophet.

*Merch.* May I ask him a few questions?

*Mer.* Question him, and welcome.

*Merch.* Whence are you?

*Pyth.* Of Samos.

*Merch.* Where were you educated?

*Pyth.* In Egypt among the wise men.

*Merch.* If I buy you, what will you teach me?

*Pyth.* I will teach you nothing, I will only be your remembrancer.

*Merch.* How my remembrancer?

*Pyth.* By first making your soul pure, and purging off the filth with which it is encrusted.

*Merch.* Supposing me now pure, what is your method of reminiscence?

*Pyth.* In the first place, profound quiet, and abstinence from speech, and five entire years absolute silence.

*Merch.* My good friend, go teach the son of Cræsus, for my part I choose to be a conversible animal, and not a statue. But what is to follow after this five years silence?

*Pyth.* You shall be instructed in musick and geography.

*Merch.* A good jest indeed; that I must be a musician, in order to become a philosopher.

*Pyth.* Afterwards you shall learn numbers.

*Merch.* I understand them already.

*Pyth.* How do you enumerate?

*Merch.* One, two, three, four.

*Pyth.* Do you see that what you call four are ten, and a compleat triangle; and our oath?

*Merch.* By four then your greatest oath, I never heard a more divine or sanctified discourse.

*Pyth.* After that, O Patron, you shall be instructed about the earth, air, water, and fire; what their natural forces are, their forms, and their motions.

*Merch.* Has the fire, air, or water form?

*Pyth*

*Pyth.* Evidently; for without form and appearance, they could not move. You shall moreover be taught that god is all number and harmony.

*Merch.* You tell me wonders.

*Pyth.* But besides what I have already told you, you shall know that you yourself, who appear as one, yet seem to be, and really are another.

*Merch.* What is that you say? That I who speak to you am another, and not myself?

*Pyth.* Now indeed you are yourself. But formerly you appeared in another body, and under another name; and in time you shall again pass into another.

*Merch.* Do you mean that I shall be immortal; thus changing into different shapes? But enough of this.

Pray how do you regulate yourself as to your victuals?

*Pyth.* I never eat of any thing that had life, but of every thing else except beans.

*Merch.* Why, have you an aversion to beans?

*Pyth.* I have no aversion to them, but they are sacred, and of a wonderful nature. For first they are in the general genitals; and if you skin a green one, you will see that it is of the same shape with those of a man. Or if, having boiled it, you expose it for a certain number of

nights to the moon, you will turn it to blood. And above all, the Athenians are used to elect their magistrates by beans.

*Merch.* You have spoken all this properly, and with a gravity becoming sacred things. But strip, for I wish to see you naked. O Hercules! he has a golden thigh! he seems to be a god and not a mortal; I will therefore buy him by all means. What do you value him at?

*Mer.* Ten minæ.

*Merch.* He is mine, now that I have paid for him.

*Jup.* Put down the purchaser's name, and place of abode.

*Mer.* Jupiter, he seems to be an Italian, of those who live about Crotona, and Tarentum, and that part of Greece; and indeed he is not a single purchaser, but near three hundred have joined for him.

*Jup.* Let them carry him off then, while we set up another.

*Mer.* Shall it be that dirty fellow of Pontus?

*Jup.* By all means.

*Mer.* You fellow there, with your wallet hanging behind you, and cloak without sleeves, come out and walk round the assembly. I now set up a manly life, an excellent and generous life, a free life. Who bids?

*Merch.*



*Merch.* What is that you say, cryer, do you sell a freeman?

*Mer.* Yes.

*Merch.* Are you not afraid of his indicting you for kidnapping, or summoning you before the Areopagus?

*Mer.* He regards not his being sold, for he looks upon himself as completely free.

*Merch.* But what use could such a filthy ill-looking fellow be turned to, except one was to set him to scour ditches, or draw water?

*Mer.* Not only that, but if you make him porter at your gates, you will find him much more faithful than other dogs. For you are to observe, he is called Dog?

*Merch.* But whence comes he, or what does he profess?

*Mr.* Ask himself, for that is your best way.

*Merch.* I am afraid of his sour down look, lest he should bark if I come near him, or may-be bite me, by Jove. See how he erects his cudgel, and knits his brows, and how threatening and angry he looks?

*Mr.* Do not be afraid, he is most gentle.

*Merch.* First then, my friend, from what country come you?

*Diog.* From every country.

*Merch.*

*Merch.* How do you mean?

*Diog.* You see before you a citizen of the world.

*Merch.* Whom do you imitate then?

*Diog.* Hercules.

*Merch.* Why are you not clad then in his lion's skin? In your club indeed you resemble him.

*Diog.* This cloak is my lion's skin. And like him I fight against pleasures, not by command, but willingly, being determined to reform the manners of the times.

*Merch.* A generous attempt; but wherein may we suppose your chief knowledge to consist, or what art do you profess?

*Diog.* I am the deliverer of men, and the physician of the passions. In short, I wish to be an advocate for truth and liberty of speech.

*Merch.* Come then, Mr. Advocate, if I buy you, what will be your method of teaching me?

*Diog.* When I first take you in hands, I shall deprive you of your pleasures, and shutting you up with poverty, shall throw a tattered cloak about you. I shall then compel you to work and labour, to sleep on the bare ground, to drink water, and eat any thing you can get. What riches you have, if you will be advised by me, you will throw into the sea. You will disregard your wife, children, and country, esteeming

esteeming them all as trifles; and forsaking your paternal house, you will live in a tomb, or a deserted castle, or even a tub. Your wallet must be full of lupins, and of books wrote on all sides. And being thus equipped, you shall declare yourself happier than the great king. If any one shall whip and torture you, you shall not esteem it as painful.

*Merch.* What is that you say, that I must not grieve when beaten? I have not the coating either of the tortoise, or the crab.

*Diog.* Act agreeably to the advice of Euripides, with a little alteration.

*Merch.* What is that?

*Diog.* Let your mind be grieved, but be your tongue free from grief.

But your chief qualifications should be these:—You should be impudent and bold, and revile every one indifferently, both kings and private persons. For thus you will draw the eyes of all upon you, and they will pronounce you manly. Let your language be barbarous, your voice unharmonious, and in short, like a dog's. Let your look be thoughtful, and your gait such as may become that look. In short, let every thing about you be wild and rustick. But banish shame, mildness, and moderation, and eradicate from your countenance the faculty of blushing. Frequent the most public places, and there affect to be

be alone and unfociable, addreffing neither friend nor hoft, for that would leffen your importance. Do thofe things publickly and confidently before every one, which others would fcarce do in private; and choofe out the moft ridiculous miftreffes.— In fhort, die if you choofe it, by eating a raw polypus, or cuttle fifh. Such is the felicity I will confer on you.

*Merch.* Go hang yourfelf—thefe are wicked, inhuman practices, which you mention.

*Diog.* But they are very eafy, you fool, and what every one may acquire without much labour. You have no occafion for learning or language, or fuch trifles; and here is a fhort cut to glory. For if you were even the moft ignorant and meaneft of the people, a currier, a fifhmonger, a carpenter or filverfmith, nothing will prevent your being admired if you be only impudent and audacious, and know how to fcold well.

*Merch.* I want you not for thefe things. But perhaps in time you may be qualified for a boatman or a gardener. That is, if he will fell you for two oboli at the utmoft.

*Mer.* O pray, take him; and glad we are to be rid of him, who confounds us all with his tumult and noife, abufing and curfing every body.

*Jup.*

*Jup.* Call down another ; that Cyrenian, dressed in purple, with the crown.

*Mer.* Come then, attend all of you. Here is a precious thing worthy of the rich. This is a sweet life, a thrice happy life. Who is fond of delicacy ? who will buy a most elegant and soft personage ?

*Merch.* Approach, you Sir, and tell me what you know ; for I will buy you if you be worth any thing.

*Mer.* Good Sir, do not disturb him or question him, for he is drunk, and therefore cannot answer you, not having the command of his tongue as you see.

*Merch.* And who in his senses would purchase so infamous and impudent a slave ? How strong of perfumes he smells ! How he stumbles and totters in his walk. But do you, Mercury, say what he is skilled in, and what he can do.

*Mer.* In short, he is an excellent hand at a feast, and is a charming pot-companion ; knows how to dance to the pipe, and is quite a fit slave for an amorous, prodigal master. He is also well skilled in second courses, is a most experienced cook ; in a word, he is a master in luxury. He was educated at Athens, was a slave to the Sicilian tyrants, and was much esteemed by them. The sum of his perfection is, to despise every thing, to enjoy every thing, and to pursue pleasure by every means.

*Merch.*



*Merch.* You must look out for some other purchaser among the rich and wealthy. I cannot afford to buy so joyous a life.

*Mer.* Jupiter, he is like to remain unfold upon our hands.

*Jupiter.* Remove him.

Bring down another, or rather those two, that laughing fellow of Abdera, and that perpetual cryer from Ephesus. For I choose they should be sold together.

*Mer.* Come down among the company. I am going to sell two of the best lives. I am setting up the wisest of them all.

*Merch.* O Jupiter, the contrast! the one never ceases laughing, and other seems to lament somebody, for he is continually weeping. You Sir, what is the matter? What makes you laugh?

*Democ.* Do you ask? Because all your actions, and yourselves seem to me ridiculous.

*Merch.* What is that you say? Do you laugh at us all, and esteem what we do of no consequence?

*Democ.* Even so; for there is nothing serious in them, but all is vanity, a meer concourse of atoms to infinity.

*Merch.* Not at all; but you in reality are vain and ignorant. O the insolence! Will you not cease laughing?

But why do you weep, good Sir? It is I think much better to converse with you.

*Herc.*

*Herac.* I regard all human affairs, O stranger, as deplorable and lamentable; and all of them liable to fate. Therefore I pity and bewail these things. The present I think not much of, but those things which are to come are altogether terrible. I mean the conflagration and destruction of the whole world. I grieve for these things, and that nothing is constant and permanent, but every thing going round in confusion, the same things occasioning delight and aversion, knowledge and ignorance, greatness and minuteness, going backwards and forwards agreeably to the childishness of the age.

*Merch.* What is an age?

*Herac.* It is a boy playing, throwing dice, and going up and down.

*Merch.* What are men?

*Herac.* Mortal gods.

*Merch.* What are gods?

*Herac.* Immortal men.

*Merch.* Why, you fool, you are either making riddles, or composing subtle questions. In short, like the dubious Apollo, you clear up nothing.

*Herac.* I regard you not.

*Merch.* Therefore none but a fool would purchase you.

*Herac.* I exhort all to bewail from their early youth, both those who buy me, and those who buy me not.

*Merch.*

*Merch.* This disorder differs little from madness; therefore I will buy neither of them.

*Merc.* They also remain on hands.

*Jup.* Set up another.

*Merc.* Shall I set up that eloquent Athenian?

*Jup.* By all means.

*Merc.* Come here, you. I set up a good and wise life. Who will buy the most holy of men?

*Merch.* Tell me, wherein consists your chief knowledge?

*Socrates.* I am an admirer of boys, and well versed in love-matters.

*Merch.* Why should I not purchase you then? for I want a tutor for a beautiful boy I have at home.

*Soc.* And who more proper than me to converse with the beautiful. For I am no lover of their bodies, but their souls I esteem beautiful. For instance, though we lie together under the same covering, yet you will hear them declare that they never suffered any indecency from me.

*Merch.* It is incredible that a lover of boys should concern himself with nothing but their minds, and that when an opportunity offers by lying together in the same bed.

*Soc.* Nay, I swear to you, by the dog and the plane tree, that it is as I tell you.

*Merch.*

*Merch.* O Hercules! what absurd gods do you mention.

*Soc.* What do you say? Do you not esteem the dog as a god? See you not how great Anubis is in Egypt, and Sirius in heaven, and Cerberus in hell.

*Merch.* You are right, and I wrong.

But how do you live?

*Soc.* I live in a city I have built for myself; I have instituted a new kind of polity, and enact my own laws.

*Merch.* I would be glad to hear one of your laws.

*Soc.* Hear then the one of most consequence, which I have passed concerning women. I have decreed, that they shall not be the property of any individual, but may be enjoyed by any who desire it.

*Merch.* What's that you say? Do you abrogate all the laws concerning adultery?

*Soc.* Yes, by Jove, and all the other minutenesses concerning such things.

*Merch.* But what have you determined about boys in their bloom?

*Soc.* They shall be the beloved of the bravest, who have performed any splendid courageous action.

*Merch.* O the wonderful benevolence!

But what is the principal fountain of your wisdom?

*Soc.*

*Soc.* Ideas, and the exemplars of things. For whatever you see, the earth, and the things of the earth, the heavens, the sea; of all these there are invisible images beyond the universe.

*Merch.* But where are they?

*Soc.* No where; for if they were any where, they would not exist.

*Merch.* I do not see those exemplars that you mention.

*Soc.* And justly, because the eye of your mind is blind. But I see the images of all things; and you invisible, and I another. In short, I see every thing double.

*Merch.* I must purchase you then, as you are a wise, sharp-sighted fellow. What do you ask me for him?

*Mer.* You must pay two talents.

*Merch.* I will take him at your own price. I will remit the money to you at another time.

*Mer.* What is your name?

*Merch.* Dion of Syracuse.

*Mer.* Take him then, and good luck attend you.

You, Epicurean, I now call you down. Who will buy him? He is a disciple of the laughter and drunkard, whom we set up before. One advantage indeed, he has of them, that he is much more impious. He is otherwise a pleasant fellow, and fond of his belly.

*Merch.*



*Merch.* What's his price?

*Mer.* Two minæ.

*Merch.* Receive them. But one thing I want to know; What eatables are his favourites?

*Mer.* He chiefly delights in sweet things and honeied cakes, but in figs above all things.

*Merch.* There is nothing troublesome in that; I will buy a whole frail of figs for him.

*Jup.* Call down another; that close-shaved stern-looking fellow from the Stoa.

*Mer.* You are right, there seems to be a great cròud of those that frequent the forum waiting for him. Here, I sell virtue herself, the most perfect life. Who wishes to be the only one who knows any thing?

*Merch.* What do you mean?

*Mer.* Why, he alone is wise, he only is beautiful, is just, brave, a king, an orator, rich, a legislator, and every thing else.

*Merch.* Therefore, my friend, he alone is a cook, and a cobbler, also, by Jove, a mechanick, and such like.

*Mer.* So it seems.

*Merch.* Come here, good Sir, and tell me, who am going to purchase you, what kind of a fellow you are. And first, whether you are not angry at being sold and made a slave?

*Chry-*

*Chrysippus.* Not at all; for these things are not in our power; and what we have no power over we regard as indifferent.

*Merch.* I do not understand what you say.

*Chry.* What, don't you know that some things are preferred, and others rejected?

*Merch.* Neither do I understand you now.

*Chry.* Very likely; for you are not used to our terms, nor are you quick at comprehending things; but the scholar who has studied logic, understands not only these things, but also accidents, and præter accidents, and how they differ in quantity and quality.

*Merch.* Explain to me, I conjure you by philosophy, what you mean by accidents, and præter accidents. For I cannot tell you how I am confused at your number of names.

*Chry.* There is no trouble in it: suppose a lame man hits his foot by chance against a stone, and receives an hurt, his lameness was an accident, his wound a præter accident.

*Merch.* O the subtlety! But what else do you profess to know?

*Chry.* The perplexities of words with which I entangle and confound my adversaries, and reduce them to silence by bridling  
ling

ling them. The name of this power is the renowned syllogism.

*Merch.* By Hercules, you mention something invincible and forcible.

*Chry.* As for instance, Have you a child?

*Merch.* What then?

*Chry.* Suppose a crocodile finding him fauntering by a river should seize on him, and promise to restore him to you, if you told him truly his intentions concerning it, what would you say he designed?

*Merch.* You propose a hard question, nor know I by what answer I may recover him. But do you answer for me, and save my boy, lest while I hesitate he devour him.

*Chry.* Don't be alarmed; I will teach you other more wonderful things.

*Merch.* What?

*Chry.* The reaper, the commander; but above all, the Electra and the concealed.

*Merch.* What is it you mean by your concealed argument, and Electra?

*Chry.* I mean, that famous one of Electra, Agamemnon's daughter, who at the same instant knew, and knew not the same thing; for when Orestes stood before her incog. She knew Orestes was her brother, but did not know that he was Orestes. Now you shall hear the concealed and very wonderful argument. Tell me, Do you know your own father?

*Merch.*

*Merch.* Yes.

*Chry.* If then, bringing a person before you in disguise, I should ask you, Do you know this man, what would you answer?

*Merch.* Without doubt, that I did not.

*Chry.* And yet this very man is your father. If therefore, you do not know him, it is evident you do not know your own father.

*Merch.* But by discovering him I shall find out the truth.

But what is the end of your knowledge, or what will you do when you arrive at the summit of your virtue?

*Chry.* I shall dwell chiefly upon what are the principal things in nature. I mean riches, health, and such things. But there will be occasion before hand for much labour; for reading over books wrote in small characters; collecting comments; filling your head with solecisms, and absurd expressions; and above all, you cannot become wise till you have taken three drafts of hellebore, one after the other.

*Merch.* That is excellent and very manly, but to be an avaricious usurer, (for that I find is part of your character) what shall we think of it? Is it becoming a man who has already drank of hellebore, and is arrived at the summit of virtue?

*Chry.* Yes, for the wise man should be the only usurer. For since it is his property

perty to syllogise, and that the lending money on usury, and computing the interest bear a strong resemblance to syllogism; this, therefore, as well as that, should belong only to the learned; neither should he receive only simple usury, but also usury upon that. For you know of usury, some is primary, some secondary, as if begot by the first. Hear then, what Syllogism says, "If he receives the primary interest, he should receive the secondary, but he receives the primary, therefore the secondary also.

*Merch.* We may also say the same as to the salaries you receive from the youths for your wisdom; and it is evident that the studious alone receive hire for their virtue.

*Chry.* You are right, but it is not on my own account I receive it, but merely to gratify the giver. For since there must be a giver and a receiver, I accustom myself to be the receiver, and my pupil the giver.

*Merch.* But you asserted the contrary just now, saying that the youth was the continent, and yourself, who alone was rich, the diffuser.

*Chry.* You are merry, my friend, but take care I do not choak you with an indemonstrable syllogism.

*Merch.* And what have I to fear from that weapon?

D

*Chry.*



*Chry.* Doubt, silence, and distraction of thought, and what is worst of all, if I please, I will quickly make you a stone.

*Merch.* How, a stone? For, good Sir, you do not seem to me to be a Perseus.

*Chry.* Thus, is not a stone a body?

*Merch.* Yes.

*Chry.* Is not an animal a body?

*Merch.* Yes.

*Chry.* Are not you an animal?

*Merch.* So it seems.

*Chry.* Being a body, therefore, you are a stone.

*Merch.* Not at all. But free me, I conjure you, by Jupiter; and make me a man again.

*Chry.* That is not difficult. Be a man again. Tell me, is every body an animal

*Merch.* No.

*Chry.* Is a stone an animal?

*Merch.* No.

*Chry.* Are you a body?

*Merch.* Yes.

*Chry.* And being a body, are you an animal?

*Merch.* Yes.

*Chry.* Therefore, being an animal, you are not a stone.

*Merch.* You have done well, for my limbs were cold and stiff like Niobe's. I will buy you however. How much must I pay for him?

*Mer.*

*Mer.* Twelve minæ.

*Merch.* Receive them.

*Mer.* Are you the single purchaser?

*Merch.* No, by Jove, but all those also whom you see.

*Mer.* A jolly number indeed, with good broad shoulders, and worthy this harvest of words.

*Jup.* Don't lose time, but call out another.

*Mer.* I call out you the Peripatetick, the beautiful, the rich. Come purchase this most prudent person; one who in short knows every thing.

*Merch.* What kind of a person is he?

*Mer.* He is moderate, just, and of good morals, and above all he is double.

*Merch.* What do you mean?

*Mer.* He is one thing outwardly, and another inwardly. If you buy him therefore remember to call the one internal, the other external.

*Merch.* But wherein principally consists his knowledge?

*Mer.* He asserts that there are three gods. One of the soul, another of the body, and a third of external goods.

*Merch.* He is worldly wise; but what is his price?

*Mer.* Twenty pounds.

*Merch.* That is very high.

*Mer.* No, good Sir, he seems to have money of his own, so that you will be no loser by the purchase: Besides, he will let you know how long-lived a gnat is; how deep the sun-beams penetrate into the sea; and what kind of soul the oyster has.

*Merch.* O the wonderful subtlety!

*Mer.* What if you should hear of things more minute than these? Of seed and generation, and the forming of the foetus in the womb. And that man is a visible animal, an ass not, nor capable of building, or of navigation.

*Merch.* His instructions are very venerable and useful, therefore I will purchase him at twenty pounds.

*Mer.* Agreed. Who have we now left? Come here, you Sceptic, you Pyrrhonian. You must be set up quickly, for many are gone away, and there remain now but few bidders. Who bids for him however?

*Merch.* I; but first tell me what you know?

*Pyr.* Nothing.

*Merch.* How so?

*Pyr.* Because nothing appears to me to exist.

*Merch.* Are we then nothing?

*Pyr.* I do not know.

*Merch.* Don't you know whether you are any thing yourself or not?

*wyr.*

*Pyr.* I am much more ignorant of that?

*Merch.* O the folly! But why do you carry those scales?

*Pyr.* I weigh words in them, and bring them to a balance, and when I find that they are quite alike, and of equal weight, then I do not know which of them is truest.

*Merch.* But can you do any thing else properly?

*Pyr.* Every thing but pursuing a runaway.

*Merch.* And why can you not do that?

*Pyr.* Because, good Sir, I cannot catch them.

*Merch.* Very likely, for you seem to be both slow and indolent. But what is the end of your knowledge?

*Pyr.* Ignorance; and neither to hear nor to see.

*Merch.* You confess therefore, that you are both deaf and blind.

*Pyr.* Nay I am also senseless and void of judgment; and in fact differ nothing from a worm.

*Merch.* Therefore I will purchase you. How much do you value him at?

*Mer.* An attic mina.

*Merch.* Take it. Well now, fellow, what do you say; have I bought you?

*Pyr.* It is a doubt.

*Merch.* By no means; I purchased you, and paid my money for you.

*Pyr.* I suspend my judgment as to that ;  
and am considering about it.

*Merch.* Follow me however as a slave  
ought.

*Pyr.* Who knows whether what you say  
be true or not ?

*Merch.* The Cryer, the Mina, and the  
witnesses present.

*Pyr.* Are there any here present before  
us ?

*Merch.* By sending you to the work-  
house, I will let you know that I am your  
master, by an argument a deteriori.

*Pyr.* I suspend my belief of that.

*Merch.* But I am resolved.

*Mercury.* Leave off disputing and follow  
him who purchased you. Do you all as-  
semble here to-morrow, when we shall sell  
some ignorant mechanics and low lives.



# DIALOGUE XI.

## THE FISHERMAN, OR THE REVIVED PHILOSOPHERS.

SOCRATES, EMPEDOCLES, PLATO, CHRYSIPPUS, DIOGENES, ARISTOTLE, LUCIAN, (*under the Character of Parhesiades or free Speaker*) PHILOSOPHY, TRUTH, VIRTUE, SYLLOGISM, PRIESTESS, ELENCHUS.

Soc. **K**NOCK down, knock down, I say, that wicked wretch with abundance of stones; cover him with clods; pelt him with broken jars; beat him with your clubs; let him not escape; Plato, strike, and you also, Chrysippus We will all advance our  
D 4 shields

shields against him, "That wallet, wallet  
"may assist, and club help club," for he  
is a common enemy, nor is there one of us  
whom he hath not affronted. Do you,  
Diogenes, now if ever use your staff and  
spare not. Let this railer receive his de-  
serts; what's this? Are you tired Epicu-  
rus, and Aristippus; you ought not; "Be  
"wise, and mindful still of direful wrath."  
Aristotle make more haste. That is well.  
The beast is caught. Have we taken you,  
you wretch? You shall soon know whom  
we are that you have reviled. But how  
shall we deal with him? For we should  
strike out some diversified kind of death for  
him, that might satisfy us all. He justly  
deserves to be seven times destroyed by  
each of us.

*Revived.* I think, by Jove, that he should  
be crucified, after being severely scourged.

*Another.* Let his eyes be torn out.

*Another.* Let his tongue be first cut to  
mince-meat.

*Soc.* What think you Empedocles?

*Emp.* Let him be thrown into the ca-  
verns of Ætna, that he may learn not to  
abuse his betters.

*Pla.* Indeed I think it is better to tear  
him in pieces, like a Pentheus or Orpheus  
among the rocks, that we may each of us  
carry off a part of him.

*Parrhesiades.* No, no, but spare me, by  
the suppliant Jove.

*Soc.*

*Soc.* It is decreed, you cannot be let go. Hear what Homer says—" 'Twixt men and lions there can be no firm league."

*Par.* I also will supplicate you in Homer's words; perhaps you may reverence the poetry, and not despise me the repeater. " Preserve alive a not unworthy man, and for my ransom take the due rewards, both brass and gold, which even the wisest love."

*Pla.* Neither shall we be deficient in answering you out of Homer. " Let not your mind conceive the hope t'escape my hand, you wretch, although you offer gold."

*Par.* O misery! Homer, my great support has failed me. I must fly then to Euripides, he perhaps may save me. " Kill not a suppliant for it is not right."

*Pla.* Are not these the words of Euripides also. " Should not th' aggressor suffer for his evil."

*Par.* Will you kill me then on account of these words.

*Pla.* Undoubtedly. For the same person says;

" Misfortune waits on an unbridled tongue,  
And wicked ignorance."

*Par.* Since then you are absolutely determined to destroy me, and it is not possible to escape, be so good as to inform me, who you are; and for what terrible usage

you are violently enraged, and have caught me to destroy me?

*Pla.* Ask yourself, you wretch, and those fine discourses, in which you revile Philosophy herself, and rail at us, selling us wise men, and what is more, freemen, as in a public market. Enraged at which, having obtained Pluto's leave for a short absence, we have risen upon you, Chrysippus here and Epicurus, and I Plato, Aristotle, and even the silent Pythagoras, and Diogenes. In short, all that you have reviled in your writings.

*Par.* I revive you will not kill me, when you know how I have behaved to you. Throw away your stones therefore; or rather keep them and employ them against those that deserve them.

*Pla.* You trifle with us; but you shall perish this day, and be clad in a stone doublet, for all the crimes you have committed.

*Par.* But O worthiest of men, whom above all I ought to praise, being your intimate and friend, and agreeing with you in sentiment; and if it became me to say it, one who has been attentive to your interest, know that if you kill me, you will destroy one who has laboured hard for you. Take care therefore that you do not act like the modern Philosophers, shewing yourselves ungrateful, resentful, and unmindful

ful of a man who has deserved so well of them.

*Pla.* O impudence! are we then indebted to you for reviling us? Do you think that you really converse with slaves? Or do you think that you have obliged us by such reproachful and wild abuse?

*Par.* When or where did I ever injure you? I who was always a lover of philosophy, who highly extolled you, and frequently read over the works you left behind. Even my own writings, how do I publish them to men, but as receiving them from you, and like the bee extracting honey from your flowers. While they praise and acknowledge the flowers of each, and point out from whence and from whom, and by what means I collected them. In words indeed they extol me for my skill in culling flowers, but it is you in fact that they praise, and your field which produces such a variety of flowers, both in colour and appearance, if one knew how to choose, combine, and adapt them, so as not to confuse them with one another; is there any one therefore who enjoys those benefits by your means that would dare to revile his benefactors, to whom it is owing that he is of any consequence; except it be a Thamyris, or a Eurytus, the one challenging the Muses in singing from whom he derived his skill; the other contending with  
Apol'ε



Apollo in shooting, by whom he was instructed in archery.

*Pla.* You have spoke this, good Sir, very oratorically, but it is just the contrary to fact; and only the more plainly shews your intolerable audaciousness, since it is joined to injustice and ingratitude, as you confess that from us you have received those weapons which you have returned back upon us, with this single view of maligning us all. Such returns have we received from you, for having laid open this field to you, not preventing you from pulling and taking an armful with you. For this, therefore, you are but the more worthy of death.

*Par.* See now, you listen to your resentment without attending to justice. Indeed I never thought that passion would run away with Plato, Chrysippus, Aristotle, and the rest of you. I looked upon you as the only persons free from it. I therefore intreat you most worthy personages not to put me to death, untried and uncondemned. You should determine nothing through violence, or from superior strength, but decide our difference according to Justice, advancing your arguments, and hearing mine in return. Appoint therefore a judge, and either accuse me all together, or choose one from among yourselves for that purpose, and I will make  
my

my defence against the things objected to me. If then I shall appear to have done any wrong, and the court shall so determine I must undoubtedly be deservedly punished, and you will not be charged with violence. But if upon trial, I shall be found innocent by you and free from fault, the judge will dismiss me, and you will turn your resentment against those who deceived you and prejudiced you against me.

*La.* As much as to say, let the horse loose in the plain, that by deceiving your judges you might escape. For they say that you are an orator, and a lawyer, and of most powerful speech. But what judge would you appoint, whom agreeable to your other rogueries, you would not prevail upon by your bribes to acquit you?

*Par.* Do not fear upon that score. I shall desire no dubious or suspected judge who may be bribed to acquit me; for see I choose philosophy herself in conjunction with you to be my judge.

*Pla.* Who then shall accuse you, if we be your judges?

*Par.* Be ye both my accusers and judges; I am not apprehensive on that account, so just do I esteem my cause, and satisfied that I shall clear myself.

*Pla.* Pythagoras, and Socrates, what shall we do? For the man seems to appeal rationally in demanding a trial?

*Soc.*

*Soc.* What should we do but go to court, and taking Philosophy with us, hear what he can say for himself. It is not our custom to condemn men without trial; that belongs to the ignorant, the passionate, and those who make justice consist in violence. We should give our enemies just cause for railing at us, if we stoned the man without giving him leave to make his defence, especially as we profess to delight in justice. What could I say of my accusers Anytus and Melitus, or of my judges then, if this man was to be put to death without being allowed the privilege of his water-glass.

*Pla.* Your advice is most excellent. Let us go then to Philosophy, and abide by her determination.

*Par.* O wise men, ye are right; that is the best and the most legal way. Keep the stones, however, as I said, for you will shortly have occasion for them in court. But where shall we find Philosophy? I know not where she dwells, tho' I have been a long time wandering about seeking for her abode, that I might become acquainted with her; and falling in with some persons in thread bare cloaks, and long beards, who professed they came directly from her, I enquired of them, as thinking that they must know; but they, more ignorant than myself, either would

would not answer me at all, that they might not be convicted of ignorance, or directed me to the wrong door. So that to this day I have not been able to find her house:

Often also, either by guess, or under some one's guidance, I approached certain doors, firmly hoping to have at length found her, supposing this from the great numbers of comers and goers, all with grave looks, decent habits, and thoughtful countenances. I also entered privately along with them. There I saw a woman who was not indebted to nature alone for her looks, though she studied to appear most simple and unadorned: but I soon observed that she did not leave the seeming negligence of her looks unornamented, neither was she inattentive to the fitting of her cloaths. It appeared outwardly, that she was thus set off, only aiming at decency by this disguised negligence; but sometimes, however, the Ceruse, and the coloring peeped out; and she used the cosmetic wash of common women. She was rejoiced at the praises of her lovers, and received their presents greedily, seating her rich lovers near her, but never throwing a glance on her poor ones. And when inadvertently, she discovered her limbs, I observed that she had golden bracelets thicker than eels. Seeing this, I immediately took to my heels,

heels, greatly pitying those wretches who were drawn to her, not by the nose but the beard, and like Ixion, embracing a cloud for a Juno.

*Pla.* You are quite right in what you have said, for her door is not in a public place, nor to be found out by every body. Neither have we occasion to go to her house, but we will wait for here in the Ceramicus, where she will come in her way from the academy, to take a turn in Poecilum as she does daily. But here she is already; do you see that decently-dressed, placid looking lady, walking thoughtful and quiet?

*Par.* I see many in the same habit, gait, and cloathing; but yet there can be but one true philosophy among them all.

*Pla.* You are right. But as soon as she speaks, she will shew you who she is.

*Philo.* Wonderful! What, Plato and Chrysippus in life, with Aristotle, and all the rest who were the principal teachers of my doctrines? What brings you among us? Has any one been troublesome to you below? You also seem angry; who is it that you have caught and bring to me? Is he a thief, or murderer, or blasphemer?

*Pla.* By Jove, he is the worst of sacrilegious wretches, Philosophy, who attempts to revile your most sacred person, and all of us, who having been your disciples,



ciples, have handed any thing to posterity.

*Philo.* Are you then incensed at any one's railing at me, when you know me, and what treatment I have received in the Dionysia from Comedy? Whom, however, I esteem as a friend, and neither indicted her, nor remonstrated with her, but suffer her to jest away as she likes it, and as is best becoming the feast; for I know that scoffing makes not any thing worse; while, on the other hand, whatever is truly good, like gold broken by hammers (for the mint) shines more bright, and becomes more conspicuous. But I do not know for what you are all passionate and testy. Why do you suffocate this man?

*Pla.* Having obtained this one day's leave, we came up to punish this fellow as he deserves. For Fame has reported to us what a character he has given of us to the people.

*Philo.* Will you then put him to death without trying him, or suffering him to speak for himself? And he seems desirous of speaking.

*Pla.* No. But we refer the whole affair to you, to determine it as you please.

*Philo.* And what say you?

*Par.* I say the same, good Lady Philosophy, as you alone can discover the truth. And with great difficulty, after many intreaties,

treaties, I obtained to have the determination reserved for you.

*Pla.* Now, you wretch, you call Philosophy Lady, she whom but very lately you most foully dishonored, selling by public outcry each of her discourses for two Oboli.

*Philo.* Take care that he thus shamefully exposed not Philosophy herself, but certain *imposters*, who do many scandalous things in my name.

*Par.* You shall know, if you will only hear my defence. Let us but go to the Areopagus, or rather to the Citadel, that as from an observatory, we may take notice of every thing in the city.

*Philo.* Do you, my friends, walk a little in the Pœcilum, I will come to you when I have given sentence.

*Par.* But, Philosophy, who are they? For they appear to be very decent.

*Philo.* That is manly Virtue, that is Wisdom, and that is justice by her. She who goes before is Learning, and she in the shade, whose colour is hard to be discerned, is Truth.

*Par.* I do not see the one you speak of.

*Phila.* Don't you see that plain girl who is naked, who constantly flies from you, and slips through your fingers?

*Par.* I can just discern her now; but why will you not bring them with you, that the court may be full and compleat.

I would

I would wish to bring truth as my advocate on the trial.

*Philo.* Follow me, then by Jove, it will be no great trouble to determine one cause, and that when it concerns ourselves.

*Truth.* Go ye, I have no occasion to listen, who long since knew how matters stood.

*Par.* But, O Truth, it is of consequence to me that you attend the trial, that you may disclose every thing.

*Truth.* I will, therefore, bring with me these my two faithful attendants.

*Par.* By all means, as many as you please.

*Truth.* Follow me then, Liberty and Freedom of Speech, that we may preserve this wretched little man, who is our admirer, and unjustly exposed to danger. But do you, Conviction, stay here for me.

*Par.* By no means, my Lady, let her come also, and as many as there are. For I am not to contend with common brutes, but with men of arrogance, hard to be convinced, and always contriving some means to escape. Conviction, therefore, is necessary.

*Philo.* Most necessary indeed. It were good also, to bring Demonstration.

*Truth*

*Truth.* Follow me all then, since your presence seems necessary in this trial.

*Aristotle.* See now, Philosophy, he has already gained over Truth to his party from us.

*Philo.* Are you then afraid, Plato, Chrysippus, and Aristotle, that Truth herself will lie for him?

*Pla.* No, but he is so very crafty and insinuating, that he may over-persuade her.

*Philo.* Fear not, nothing iniquitous shall be done, since Justice herself is present. Let us go then.

But pray, tell me, what is your name?

*Par.* Parrhesias, the son of Alethion, the son of Elenxicius.

*Philo.* Of what country are you?

*Par.* Of Syria, O Philosophy, near the Euphrates. But what is this to the purpose? I know some of my adversaries, no less barbarous by birth than me. But their manners and learning are not like those of the Solei, the Cyprians, the Babylonians, or the Stagyrites; and a man will not appear the worse in your eyes, though his tongue be barbarous, if his sentiments be just and upright.

*Philo.* You are right; I need not therefore have asked you that question.

But what is your profession, for it may be necessary to know that?

*Bar.*

*Par.* I am a hater of arrogance, of deception, of falsehood, and pride. I detest all wicked men of this sort, and there are very many of them as you know.

*Philo.* By Hercules, you are a great professor of hatred.

*Par.* You see, therefore, by how many I am hated, and what hazards I am exposed to by it. Not but I am well acquainted with the opposite art; that I mean which derives its principle from love; for I am a lover of truth, decency, and simplicity, and of every thing relative to what should be loved; But, in truth, there are very few deserving of this art; whereas the numbers of those enlisted under, and intimate with hatred are many. I am, therefore, apprehensive of forgetting the one by disuse, and of being too well acquainted with the other.

*Philo.* But you ought not; for both this and that, as they say, are the same. Do not, therefore, divide the arts, for seeming to be two, they are but one.

*Par.* You know that best, Philosophy, but my principle is to hate the vicious, and to extoll and love the good.

*Philo.* Come then, since we are where we wished to be, let us form our court some where in the temple of the tutelar Minerva. Do you, O Priestesses, settle the  
seats



seats for us, while we in the interim offer up our prayers to the goddesses.

*Par.* O guardian of the city be my protectress against those arrogant people, recollecting how often you have heard them perjure themselves. You only, as being a constant spy upon them, see what they do. Now is the time to take vengeance on them. And if you see that I am likely to be overpowered, and that the black beans are the most numerous, save me by throwing in your bean.

*Philo.* Come then we are ready to sit down with you, and hear your accusation. But do you choose one from amongst you all, whom you shall esteem the best pleader, to draw it up and to prove it. For it will not be possible for you all to speak at once. You, Parrhesiades, shall make your defence afterwards.

*Revived.* Which of us will be the properest, to carry on this cause?

*Chry.* You, Plato, who have such excellent penetration, and whose eloquence is so truly attic, graceful, and persuasive; who abound in knowledge, exactness, and skill in timing your arguments. Be therefore our advocate, and say what you think proper for us all. Recollect now, and bring down upon him all those arguments that you formerly urged against Gorgias, Polus, Prodicus or Hippias; for he is more dangerous

gerous than them all. Introduce also your ironies, and your humours, and endless questions. And if you please introduce also, that "The great Jupiter driving his flying chariot, will be angry if he be not punished."

*Pla.* By no means; but let us appoint one from the more violent; Diogenes here, or Antisthenes, or Crates, or yourself, Chrysippus. For this occasion does not call for a beatiful or nervous performance, but requires an argumentative and judicial discourse; for Parrhesiades is an orator.

*Diog.* I will accuse him; nor do I think there will need a long discourse. Besides he has treated me worse than any of you, selling me off lately for two oboli.

*Pla.* Diogenes will speak for us all, Philosophy. And do you, good Sir, remember that in this accusation, it is not yourself only that you are to consider, but you must have regard to the common cause. And though in our reasonings we may have differed from one another, make no inquiry into that now, nor declare which is the truest. In short, be only angry on Philosophy's account, who has been affronted and ill treated in the discourses of this Parrhesiades. And passing over those opinions in which we differ, contend only for what we all agree in. Take care, for we have set you at our head, and have hazarded

zarded our all upon you, either to appear with honor, or to be esteemed such as he has represented us.

*Diog.* Never fear, I will omit nothing, but will speak for us all. And although Philosophy mollified by his words, (for she is mild and placable by nature) should be willing to dismiss him, I will not be wanting to myself, but will let the fellow know that I carry not a club in vain.

*Philo.* Do not do that by any means. Support your cause by argument and not with a club. That is the best way. But don't delay, for the water is already poured into the glass, and the court wait for you.

*Par.* Let the rest, Philosophy, sit and pass sentence with you; and let Diogenes alone accuse me.

*Philo.* Are you not afraid they will condemn you?

*Par.* Not at all; I wish I had more to conquer.

*Philo.* That is generous, / said. Sit down therefore, and do you, Diogenes, begin.

*Dio.* What kind of men we were when alive; you, Philosophy, perfectly know, nor is there occasion to enlarge upon it. For to pass myself by, who is ignorant how much good Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Chrysippus, and the rest did in life? I shall now shew you, how this trice wicked Parrhesiades

Parrhesiades has abused us, renowned as we were. For being an orator, as they say, forsaking the courts and the applause to be acquired there, he has collected all his vehemence and skill in oratory against us, never ceasing to prosecute us with revilings, calling us cheats and deceivers, and persuading the people to laugh at and despise us, as being of no consequence. Nay, he has rather made you and us, O Philosophy, hated by the multitude, calling your precepts trifling dreams, turning into ridicule the most serious truths that you have taught us, that he himself may be praised and applauded by the spectators, and we abused. For it is the disposition of the people to delight in scoffers and railers, especially when they pull to pieces the most serious things. Thus, for instance, they were formerly delighted with Aristophanes and Eupolis, when they introduced Socrates here upon the stage for diversion, exhibiting him in some ludicrous character. But they ventured to do this only in the Dionysia, when such things were allowed, add where jesting seems to be a part of the feast, the God himself, perhaps, who is a friend to laughter, being pleased with it.

But this fellow assembling the men of consequence, after much thought and preparation, and writing his detractions in a

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large

large book, reviles with a loud voice, Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Chrysippus, me, and in short all of us, without licence from the feasts, or having suffered any private injury from us. For he would have had some excuse for what he has done, if it had been in his own defence, and if he had not been the aggressor. And what is most shocking is, that acting thus, he screens himself, O Philosophy, under your name, and having seduced Dialogue our servant, he makes him an assistant and actor against us. Nay even prevailing on Menippus our friend, he makes him join in his abuse, who alone has betrayed the common interest, and is not here to join in the accusation with us.

For all these things therefore it is most just, that he should be punished. For what can he say for himself, who ridicules the most venerable things before so many witnesses? It may also serve as an example to others, if they see him punished, to prevent them from despising Philosophy. To pass over these things quietly and to endure his affronts, might justly be looked upon as the effects not of moderation, but of indolence and ignorance. But who would put up with his last attempts, when producing us like slaves in the public market, and appointing a cryer, he sold us; some indeed as they say high; others



others for an attic mina, and me the wretch sold for two oboli, which made all the spectators laugh. For these reasons we are revived through resentment, and demand that you will punish him for his scandalous abuse of us.

*All the Philo.* Well done, Diogenes, you have spoken excellently for us all, as became you.

*Philo.* Cease your applause; pour in for the defendant. Do you, Parrhesiades, reply in your turn; the water now runs for you; lose no time.

*Par.* Diogenes has not mentioned all my crimes, O Philosophy, but has omitted the greatest part, and I do not know how, the most heinous of them. But so far am I from intending to deny that I said them, or came here with an intent to apologize for them, that I think I ought to declare what he has passed over in silence, or what I have not before asserted. For by this means you will know who they were that I sold by auction and abused, calling them insolent cheats. Only observe attentively, whether what I say of them be true. If so, and my words appear malevolent and severe, I who expose them am not to be blamed, but in my opinion, they are more justly to be censured, who do such things.

As soon as I understood what disagreeable things lawyers were necessarily exposed

posed to; deceit, lying, impudence, clamor, wrangling, and various other things, I declined that way of life, as became me; and flying to your charms, O Philosophy, I resolved for the remainder of my life to place myself under your protection, looking upon myself as having gained a quiet and safe port, out of a stormy and ruffled sea. And when I had only peeped into your institutions I necessarily admired you, and all those gentlemen who laid down rules for obtaining happiness, lending an hand to those who were in pursuit of her, giving them the best directions. If a man did not transgress them, or by a false step lose them, but attentively observing the rules laid down by you formed and conducted themselves agreeable to them. Which, by Jove, few among us do.

But seeing many caught, not with the love of Philosophy, but only of the reputation that attends it, and appearing like ~~worthy~~ men as to things obvious, popular, and easily imitated; I mean as to their beard, their gait, their dress; but in their lives and actions contradicting this appearance, and pursuing studies quite opposite to yours, dishonouring the profession; I was greatly incensed; and it appeared to me just as if a delicate effeminate Tragedian should presume to represent Achilles, Theseus, nay even, Hercules, without

without either the gait or the tone of a hero, but acting the wanton under such a mask, so that neither Hellen, nor Polyxena could endure them, as being so like themselves; far different from the victorious Hercules, who would I suppose have immediately knocked him down with his club, him I say, and his mask by which he was made so shamefully effeminate.

Seeing you thus abused by them, I could no longer endure the impudence of their hypocrisy, who being apes dare assume the resemblance of heroes; and like the Cumæan ass, who because he was clad in a lion's skin, thought himself a lion, and brayed most loudly and alarmingly before the ignorant people of Cumæ, 'till a stranger who had often seen a lion and an ass convicted him, and drove him away with a good threshing.—But, O Philosophy, what grieved me most was, that men observing any of them doing a bad, indecent, or libidinous action, immediately blamed Philosophy herself, with Chrysippus, or Plato, or Pythagoras, or which ever other of you he called himself after, or whose manner of speaking he adapted himself to; and thought hardly of you who had been long dead, on account of their scandalous manner of living, never making enquiry into your behaviour when alive, but condemning you when dead. For seeing your

counterfeit acting shamefully and disgracefully, you were without any one's standing up in your defence, censured with him, and involved in his crime.

Observing these things I could not bear it, but detected them, and distinguished them from you. For which you who ought to honor, bring me to a trial. If seeing a person initiated into the sacred mysteries, exposing and divulging them, I should be angry and reproach him, would you think me guilty of impiety? That would not be just. Since the very directors of the sacred sports lash the persons who represent Minerva, Neptune, or Jove, if they do not perform right, and preserve the dignity of the God. Neither are the Gods angry that men presume to whip their representative; but I believe are rather rejoiced at their correction. Badly to personate a servant or a messenger would be but a small fault; but to represent to the spectators a Jove, or an Hercules, in an unworthy manner, would be ominous and shameful.

But the absurdest thing of all is, that though many of them are intimately acquainted with your writings, yet they so live, as if they had read and meditated upon them merely to act contrary to them. All that they teach therefore as to the despising of riches and honors, and esteem-  
ing

ing honesty as the only good, declaring that we should divest ourselves of anger, and despise pomp and outward shew, and treat each other as equals, all this is in truth, O ye Gods, beautiful, wise, admirable. But those things they teach for hire, flattering the rich, and gaping after money, being more inclined to wrangling than dogs, more timorous than hares, more flattering than apes, more libidinous than asses, more ravenous than cats, and more quarrellsome than cocks. They are therefore deservedly ridiculed when they quarrel about these things, shouldering one another at rich men's doors, frequenting crouded suppers, which they extol above measure, and most indecently cram themselves, being very testy, and philosophizing most disagreeably and absurdly over their cups, having drank more than they can well carry off. The unlearned of the company laugh without doubt, and abjure Philosophy which produces such wretches.

But the most shameful part is, that after declaring that they want nothing, and loudly professing that the wise man is the only rich man, they immediately after come a begging, and are angry if they get nothing; as if a person in a royal garment, with an erect tiara, a diadem, and other regal ornaments should come to beg from the poor. Whenever also, they want



to get any thing, they harangue much in favour of a community of goods, and of the indifference of riches. What, say they, is gold and silver? Wherein does it differ from the pebbles on the shore? But when an old friend in want, comes requesting a little from their abundance, then there is silence, inability, ignorance, and a retraction of their arguments in favour of the contrary. What becomes of their many dissertations on friendship, virtue, and the *To Kalon* I do not know. They are but flitting words wherewith they fight foolish sham battles in their schools.

They are good friends as long as gold and silver are not in question; but let any one shew them a single Obolus, the peace is broke, all leagues and treaties are dissolved, books are forgot, and virtue put to the flight. They act just like dogs among whom some one has thrown a bone, bouncing about, biting one another, and barking at him who has got it. It is said, that a certain king of Ægypt taught apes to dance the Pyrrhick dance; which from their fondness of imitating the actions of men, they quickly learned, and danced it dressed in purple and masked. The sight was admired for a long time, 'till a humorous spectator having some nuts in his pocket, threw them among them; at sight of which, forgetting the dance, they became  
apes

apes as they were and no longer Pyrrhick dancers, broke their masks, tore their cloaths, and fought with one another for the fruit. So that this Pyrrhick entertainment was dissolved and laughed at by the spectators.

Thus do they act. And such have I spoken hardly of, and will ever pursue them, detecting and making a jest of them. But as for you, and such as you, (for there are some who are truly emulous of philosophy and observant of your laws) may I never be so mad, as to say any thing reproachful or disrespectful against you. For what could I say? Or did you ever act thus in your lives? But those insolent rascals, enemies to the gods, are just objects of hatred. Do you, Pythagoras, Plato, Chrysippus, or Aristotle find any resemblance between yourselves and these men, or judge them by their lives, to be your intimates and relations? As like they are, as Hercules and an Ape. Or because they wear beards, call themselves philosophers, and put on a stern look, they are therefore to be compared to you! I could have born with them, if they had but looked feebly in their disguise. But sooner may a vulture imitate a nightingale, than they philosophers. I have said all I had to say in my defence; and do

you, Truth, witness for me whether what I have said be true.

*Philo.* Retire, Parrhesiades, what shall we do? How do you approve of what he has said?

*Virtue.* Indeed, Philosophy, I wished while he was speaking to sink into the earth, so true was every word he said. And when I heard him, I recollected his several performers, and while he was speaking, I fitted one to one part, and he it was, said I, who did that. In short, he described them as plainly as if they had been drawn in a picture, giving an exact likeness not only of their bodies, but also of their minds.

*Philo.* For my part, O virtue, I blushed downright, But what say you?

*All the Philos.* What, but to acquit him, and set him down among our friends and benefactors? And indeed, we seem to have acted like the Ilians, and stirred up a tragedian among ourselves, to sing the fall of Troy. Let him sing on then, and render infamous those enemies of the Gods.

*Diog.* And I, O Philosophy, greatly applaud the man; I withdraw my accusation, and esteem him as my brave friend.

*Philos.* Joy to you, Parrhesiades, you are unanimously acquitted, and for the future, know yourself as ours.

*Paribe.*

*Parrhe.* O Pallas, I adored you at first, but now I think I should address you in the tragic stile, for it is more venerable. O most splendid Victory, protect my life, and cease not to crown me.

*Virtue.* Let us now proceed to our next business. Let us summon those wretches before us, that we may punish them for the affronts they have thrown upon us, and let Parrhesiades here accuse them.

*Par.* You say right, Virtue. Do you, therefore, boy Syllogism, leaning down to the city, summons the philosophers.

*Syllogism.* Silence, and attention. Let the philosophers attend at the citadel, being summoned there, by Virtue, Philosophy, and Justice.

*Par.* See; few attend on hearing the proclamation, for they are afraid of Justice. Besides the most of them are not at leisure, being taken up with their attendance upon the rich. If you wish them all to come to you, you must thus word your proclamation, Syllogism.

*Philo.* No. But do you Parrhesiades call them in your own manner.

*Par.* There is no trouble in that. Attend in silence. All who call themselves philosophers, and all who think the name suited to them, let them come to the Acropolis to a distribution. Two minæ shall be given  
to

to them, and a millet cake. But whosoever has a long beard, shall receive besides a frail of figs. None of them need bring with them, Temperance, Justice, and Continence, for their presence is not necessary. But every one must bring five syllogisms, for without them there is no being a philosopher.

In common there two golden talents lye  
For him who best can wrangle and deny.

Surprising! how the ascent is crowded with persons squeezing one another, as soon as they even heard the sound of the two minæ; some by the Pelasgian wall; others by the temple of Æsculapius; and a much greater number by the Areopagus. Some by the tomb of Talus, and others, by Jove, clapping ladders to the temple of Castor and Pollux, climb up with great noise, and to speak in Homers stile, stuck as close as a swarm of Bees:

“ From every side as great numbers throng,  
“ As leaves on trees, or flowers in the spring.”

The citadel will be soon full of them sitting down tumultuously; and you will see every where Wallets, Beards, Flattery, Impudence, Clubs, Gluttony, Syllogism and Avarice. The few that came up on the first proclamation are obscured and  
unnoticed,



unnoticed, being confounded with that other crowd, and hid under the similitude, of their dress. And indeed, Philosophy, it is most intolerable, and what any one might justly upbraid you with, that you do not distinguish the one from the other, by any visible mark; by which means the Impostors are credited in preference of the true Philosophers.

*Philo.* I will attend to that speedily. In the mean time let us receive them.

*Platonists.* We, the Platonists, ought to be served first.

*Pythagoreans.* No. But we the Pythagoreans; for Pythagoras was the elder.

*Stoicks.* You are fools. We of the Stoa are your betters.

*Peripateticks.* By no means; but we who are Peripateticks should be first in getting the money.

*Epicureans.* Give us, Epicureans, the sweetmeats and the figs. We will wait for the Minæ tho' we receive them last.

*Academ.* Where are the two talents? We Academicians will let them see how much we excel them all in wrangling.

*Stoicks.* No. That you will not, while we Stoicks are present.

*Philo.* Cease your disputes. You, you Cynicks, neither push nor knock one another down with your clubs; you are  
summoned

summoned for another purpose. For now I Philosophy, and Virtue herself with Truth will determine who are the true Philosophers. As many therefore as shall be found to live agreeable to our rules, shall be happy, being pronounced excellent. But we will severely punish those cheats who are no wise connected with us, that they may learn not to be more arrogant than becomes them.

What is this? Are you taking to your heels, and even leaping down the precipices? There are none now left in the Citadel, but a few who are not afraid of the trial. Ye attendants take up the wallet which that petty Cynick dropt in his flight; bring it here that I may see what is in it; whether Lupins, or a book, or brown bread.

*Par.* No. But there is gold, perfumes, a sacrificing knife, a looking-glass, and dice.

*Phil.* Very well, good Sir, these were to support you in your exercises. And then you thought you had a right to revile all, and to instruct others.

*Par.* Such we find them. But you should find out some way whereby they might be known, that whoever met them might be able to distinguish which of them live virtuously and which not. Do you, O Truth, find out that, for it concerns  
you

you that Falsehood should not master you; nor that the vicious should escape thro' ignorance, by being intermixed with the good.

*Truth.* Let us impose this task, if you please O Philosophy upon Parrhesiades, since he has shewn himself a worthy man, well disposed to us, and a great admirer of yours: And taking Conviction with him, let him go among all those, who call themselves Philosophers, and whoever he shall truly find naturally allied to Philosophy, let him crown him with olive, and call him up to the Prytanæum. But if he shall light upon any false pretender to Philosophy, as there are many such, let him tear off his cloak, clip his beard close with the instrument they dock the goats with, and cut a mark in his face, or burn one between his brows; and let the impression be a fox or an ape.

*Philo.* Well said, Truth, and Parrhesiades let your conviction be as strong as are the eagle's eyes to the sun. Not indeed that they should be compelled to oppose the light, and so be judged. But offering them gold, glory, or pleasure, whoever you shall observe despising these things, and not even so much as looking at them, let them be crowned with olive. But those that you see, eagerly beholding  
them,

them, and stretching out their hands for the money, first cut off their beards, and then take and brand them.

*Par.* I shall obey your orders, Philosophy, and indeed you will very soon see numbers of them branded with foxes and apes, but very few crowned. But if you choose it, I will bring some of them even here before you.

*Philo.* What do you say? Will you bring back the fugitives.

*Par.* Undoubtedly; if the priestesses will only lend me the use of that line and hook, which the Pyræan fisherman dedicated.

*Priestesses.* Here, take them, and the rod also, that you may be fully equipt.

*Par.* Give me also, O Priestesses, a few figs, and a little piece of gold.

*Priestesses.* Here they are.

*Philo.* What is the man about?

*Priestesses.* He has baited the hook with figs and gold, and sitting on the top of the wall, has thrown it into the city.

*Philos.* What are you doing, Parrhesiades? Do you purpose to fish up the stones from the Pelasgicum?

*Par.* Be quiet, Philosophy, and expect an haul. But do you, O Neptune, who delight in fishing, and you, dear Amphitryte, send me many fish.

I see a noble sized pike, or rather a gold-fish.

*Liber.*

*Liber.* No, it is a dog-fish; it comes with open mouth to the hook, it has got scent of the gold; it is now near; it has bit; he is caught; let us draw him up.

*Par.* Do you, Conviction, also lend an hand. He is up, come let me see what you are, most excellent fish. It is a dog. Hercules! What teeth it has. What my good Sir, are you caught here in your self-gratifications among the rocks? And did you hope to escape by skulking under them? But now, being hung up by the arms, you shall become a public spectacle. Let us take the bait and hook for him. Alas! the hook is bare, and he has already swallowed both figs and gold.

*Diog.* By Jove, he shall disgorge them, that we may bait it for others.

*Par.* That is well. But what say you, Diogenes? Do you know this fellow? Or does he belong to you?

*Diog.* Not at all.

*Par.* What shall we say he is worth then? I lately valued him at two Oboli.

*Diog.* You estimated him too high; for he is unfit for food; is shocking to look at; is filthy and base. Therefore, throw him headlong down the precipice, and throw down your hook for another. But take care, Parrhesiades, lest your line should break by overbending.

*Par.*



*Par.* Never fear, Diogenes, for they are light, and of less consequence than a Loach.

*Diog.* By Jove, they are exactly like a Loach. But draw up.

*Par.* Let us see what this broad fellow is, who looks like a split-fish. He is a flounder gaping for the hook. He has bit, and is caught. Draw him up. What is he?

*Diog.* He calls himself a Platonist.

*Plato.* Do you also hunt after gold, you wretch?

*Par.* Well, Plato, what shall we do with him?

*Pla.* Throw him also down the same rock.

*Diog.* Let down for another.

*Par.* I see a very beautiful one approaching, with a variegated skin, who appears in the deep, having also certain gilded fillets on his back. Conviction, do you see him? This is he who pretends to be Aristotle. He comes. Now he retires. Keep a sharp look out. He returns again. He gapes. He is caught. Let him be drawn up.

*Arist.* Ask me not about him, Parrhesias, I know nothing of him.

*Par.* He also then, O Aristotle, must tumble down the same rocks.

*Diog.* I see many fish collected in one place, of the same colour, thorn-backed, four-

four-looking, and harder to be caught than urchins. A net would be better to catch them; but there is never a one. Let us be content then to draw up one from the number, the boldest of them will certainly approach the hook.

*Elench.* Let it down if you please, having wired your line a good way up, that in catching at the gold, he may not cut it with his teeth.

*Par.* I have cast it; and do you, O Neptune, favour the take. O wonderful! How they fig t for the bait! Many of them in the shoals nibble at the fig, while others keep close to the gold. 'Tis well; a good stout fish is hooked. Come, Sir, I must know what name you give yourself. Yet, what a fool am I, to attempt to make a fool speak, for they are all mute. But tell me, Conviction, who is his master?

*Elench.* It is Chrysippus.

*Par.* Undoubtedly, because gold is the beginning of his name. But in the name of wisdom, tell us, Chrysippus, do you know these men, or do you instruct them to act thus?

*Chry.* Parrhesiades, you affront me by your question; supposing that such wretches had any connection with me.

*Par.* Well said, Chrysippus, you are a worthy soul. Let him also be tumbled down headlong with the rest, for as he is prickly,

prickly, it is to be feared that if any one eat him, it might hurt his throat.

*Philo.* Parrhesiades, we have had sport enough; let us have done, therefore, lest, as there are so many of them, some one may escape from you, and carry off both hook and gold, leaving you to make satisfaction to the priests. We will go and take a walk; for you, it is time that you return from whence you came, lest you exceed your time. And do you, Parrhesiades, with Conviction, take the round, and either crown or brand them as I said.

*Par.* Philosophy, it shall be done. Farewell ye best of men. We, Conviction, will descend, and execute our orders. But where shall we go first? To the academy, or the porch? Or shall we begin from the Lycæum? It makes no difference; for I am certain, that go where we will, we shall want but few crowns, but brands in plenty.

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## How History ought to be Wrote.

**I**N the reign of Lyfimachus, my dear Philo, a terrible disorder was said to prevail at Abdera. The whole city had caught a fever, which from the first was violent and constant. However, about the seventh day, a plentiful bleeding at the nose in some, and copious sweating in others, carried off the complaint. But after it, a very ridiculous fancy seized them. For they all took a wonderful fondness for tragedy, were continually spouting Iambicks, and made a great clatter, repeating very solemnly the Andromeda of Euripides, and singing the speech of Perseus. In short, the whole city was pale and meager, repeating loudly from their seventh days tragedies, "O love, thou tyrant both of gods and men," and other things, till a severe cold winter put a stop to their folly. Now, Archelaus, the tragedian, I apprehend

hend was the cause of all this, who being in great esteem at that time, in the very heat of summer, exhibited the tragedy of Andromeda before them; when many of them left the theatre in fevers, and recovering, relapsed again into tragedy, with great satisfaction, retaining Andromeda in their minds, and Perseus and his Medusa still played upon their fancies.

To compare things then, as they say, this Abderetic passion has now infected many of the learned. Not indeed to make them become tragedians, (though even so, while repeating the good Iambicks of others they would be less silly.) But since the beginning of our present commotions, I mean the war with the Barbarians, the slaughter in Armenia, and our continued victories, there is no one now that does not write history. Or rather they exhibit themselves to us as so many Thucydides's, Herodotus's or Xenophons. Which makes that saying true, "War is the father of all," since so many writers have started up from one conflict.

When I saw and heard all this, my friend, it recalled to my mind the story of the Sinopian. The Corinthians hearing that Philip was marching against them were alarmed and fell to work, some made arms, others carried stones, others strengthened the walls, some prompt up the fortifications,  
and



and others were employed in other useful work. Diogenes seeing this, and that he had nothing to do, nor did any one employ him, tucked up his gown, and with great assiduity rolled the tub in which he lived up and down the Craneum. One of his friends asking him, what do you do this for Diogenes? I am rolling my tub, says he, lest I alone, among so many busy people, should appear to be idle.

So I, Philo, that I may not seem the only dumb person in so talkative an age; nor, like a comick guard, be introduced with a silent gape, I thought it necessary to roll my tub also as well as I can, not to attempt history writing, or to give an account of the actions themselves. No, I have not that courage, nor would you suspect me for it. For I know how dangerous it would be if one should roll it among the rocks, especially such a little pitcher as mine, which is by no means strongly put together. For should it strike against the smallest pebble, I should have it to gather up in sherds. I will, therefore, tell you what I purpose, how I shall safely take part in the war, without being in the least danger. From the smook and dashing of the waves and cares which attend writers, I will prudently keep myself free. But I will give a small portion of advice, and recommend a few rules to them; so  
that

that I shall be a sharer in the building, though not in the inscription, as I only touch the mud with the tip of my finger.

Although perhaps most of them may think that they have no more need of advice in this particular, than of instruction to walk, to see, or to eat; but that to write history is a very easy and obvious thing, which any one may do if he be but able to express his thoughts. But, perhaps, my friend, from your own experience you may know, that this is not one of the easiest undertakings, nor is it to be carelessly composed. But that whatever other there may be, this is a study that requires much thought, if, as Thucydides expresses it, one aims at lasting possessions. I know, indeed, that I shall make but few converts, and shall appear odious to many, especially to those who have already composed and published their histories. And if they have been praised by the audience, it would be madness to expect that they should retract or correct what has been once authorized, and placed as it were in the king's court. But it may do no hurt to tell even them, that if hereafter another war should break out between the Celtæ and Getæ, or the Indians and Bactrians, (for no one dare to attack us who have already subdued every thing) they may be able to compose better by following this rule, if  
they

they think it a good one. If not, they may measure their work by the same yard they do now. The physician will not be angry if all the people of Abdera act the Tragedy of Abdera of their own accord.

But as our advice should be two-fold, to point out both what should be chosen and what avoided, let us first attend to what should be shuned by an historian, and of what he should particularly keep himself clear; and then point out what he should pursue, in order not to miss his way, but come strait to the point. Where he should begin, and in what method he should arrange his facts, according to their different natures, which of them he should be silent about, which he should dwell upon, which he should slightly run over, and how he should express and connect them. But of these things hereafter. We shall at present mention the faults which attend bad writers. It would be both tedious and not suited to this work to point out the errors common to all compositions, in the language, the connexion, the sentiment, and want of skill. For, as I said, faults will always be found in every work with regard to the style and method.

And if you will but observe, you will find the same faults in history, as often struck me upon hearing, if you will but open your eyes to them. Nor will it, I

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think,

think, be unseasonable to quote some of our modern historians as instances. Let us then first consider their gross faults. Most of them leaving the actions untold, expatiate on the praises of their princes and generals; extolling their own to the skies, and sinking those of their enemies to nothing. Being ignorant that it is not a small strait that divides history from panegyric, but that there is a great wall between them, or in the musicians phrase, the space of two octaves. ("i. e. the greatest distance.") The encomiast's only care is to *flatter* his hero, nor does he scruple to attain his end even by a lye. Whereas history cannot put up with the smallest falsehood, more than, (as the disciples of physick say) the wind-pipe can receive any thing into it \* by swallowing.

But such persons seem not to know that as poetry has its peculiar laws and institutes, so also has history. In the one the greatest liberty is allowed, and the poet's fancy is its only rule. If there being inspired and possessed by the Muses he chooses to yoke winged horses to his chariot, and drive them sometimes through the waves, or make them fly over the ears of corn, he is not censured. Nor, when their Jupiter suspending every thing by a single chain lifts up both land and sea toge-

\* Καταποθον.

ther, are they afraid lest if it should give way every thing should fall to ruin. If they have a mind to praise Agamemnon, who shall prevent them from resembling him to Jove for head and eyes, for breast to his brother Neptune, for belt to Mars? And in short, the son of Atreus and Ærope must become a compound of all the Gods; for Jupiter, or Neptune, or Mars alone would not suffice to compleat his beauty. But history, if it was to admit any such flattery, what would it be but poetic prose, deprived indeed of its pompous sound, but exhibiting its wonders out of metre, and the more conspicuous on that account? It would therefore be a great, nay indeed, and more than a great error, if a person not able to distinguish between the proprieties of history and poetry should introduce into the one the ornaments of the other, its fable, its encomiums, its hyperboles. As if one should deck with purple and other meretricious ornaments a hardy wrestler sturdy as an oak, and bedaub his face with red and white; O Hercules! what a ridiculous figure would he cut, and how much ashamed would he be of his dress.

I do not say this, as if commendation was never to be introduced into history; only let it be reserved till a proper time, and restrained within bounds suited to the



subject, so as not to be disagreeable to future readers; in short, it should be regulated for posterity, as I shall shew hereafter. You see therefore how far they wander from the truth who think that history should properly be divided into two parts, the pleasing and the useful, and therefore introduce panegyrick into it, as what will delight and chear the readers.

For first, they use a false division. For history has only one end and design, the *useful*. To which it attains only by truth. It would be better if the pleasing also accompanied it, as beauty in a wrestler. But if it does not, we are not to deny that Nicostratus, the son of Isidotus, was Hercules's successor in glory, a brave man, and stronger than either of his antagonists, although he was very ugly; and that the beautiful Milesian Alcaus, who was also, as they say, his minion, contested with him. History also if it could add the pleasing "to the useful" would acquire many admirers. But as long as it retains the one quality in perfection, I mean its evident truth, its beauty will be but little thought of.

It may be proper to add, that the absolute fabulous is not pleasing; neither are encomiums either pleasing or useful to the hearers, except you study to please the dregs of the populace, and disregard the judges and the criticks, who suffer nothing  
to

to escape them through haste, but with a censorious ear, and with as many eyes as Argus, try every word with the exactness of a money-changer; that they may instantly reject whatever is adulterate, and receive every seemly, lawful and accurate word; whose praise, a writer should chiefly aspire after, despising that of the others, though bursting with applause. But if neglecting them, you oversweeten your history with fables, encomiums and other flatteries, you will soon make it like the Lydian Hercules. You probably have seen the picture where he is described as Omphale's slave, and dressed quite foreign "from himself." She indeed is clad in the lion's skin, holding the club in her hand as Hercules used to do; while he is adorned with a saffron coloured vest mixed with purple, spinning wool, and corrected by Omphale's slipper; and a most shameful sight it is, as the vest retires from the body and does not meet, and thereby exposes the manly figure of the God in a most effeminate manner.

The *many* perhaps may admire you for these things; but the *few*, whom you despise, will laugh heartily and abundantly, seeing such an heterogeneous, absurd, unconnected piece of stuff. The particularities of individuals are pleasing \*; but if

\* Καλόν.

you transpose them they become disagreeable because unseasonable. Not to mention that 'though the encomiums may be pleasing to the person praised, they will be detested by others, especially if they swell into excess; as is commonly the case with most writers, who only attentive to gain the favour of those whom they are extolling, dwell upon it till their flattery appears evidently to all. For they know not how to lay on or shade their praise artfully; but falling to, they go on daubing in a most improbable and barefaced manner.

Nor do they even attain to what they aim at chiefly. For those who are thus flattered by them hate them the more, and prudently shun them as flatterers, especially if they have manly sense. Thus Aristobulus having described the single combat between Alexander and Porus, and reading this particular part of his history to him, by which he thought to ingratiate himself very much with the king, having made him do many brave things which he never did, and emblazoned what he did far beyond the truth; Alexander taking the book from him, as they happened to be sailing down the river Hydaspes, threw it into the water headlong, adding "So ought I to serve you, Aristobulus, who fought so many single combats for me, and killed  
" so

“ so many elephants with one javelin.”— And it became Alexander to be thus incensed; he, who could not bear the assurance of the statuary who promised to make mount Athos his statue, and to transform the mountain into the king’s likeness; but immediately detecting his flattery, never again employed him as he had done.

Wherein then can consist the pleasure of this, except a person is so downright silly as to be praised for what, it is evident, he has no title to? As deformed men, or, particularly ugly women, instruct their painters to draw them as beautiful as possible. For they think they will appear better if the painter gives them a greater bloom, and mixes plenty of white with other colours. Such are the generality of historians; slaves to the present times, and to self, and the advantage they may reap from their work; worthy of hatred for their present manifest and unskillful flattery, and for rendering, by their fictions, the very action itself dubious to posterity. But if any one thinks that the pleasing should without doubt be intermixed with history, let him, among his other beauties of expression, infuse whatever may be truly pleasing; which the generality neglecting, introduce what is nothing to the purpose.

I will, therefore, relate what I lately heard in Ionia, nay, even in Achaia, by Jove! from some writers who were treating of this very war. And by the Graces! let no one disbelieve what I am going to relate, for the truth of which I could swear if it was good manners in a writer to introduce an oath — One of them instantly sets off with the *musés*, inviting the goddesses to assist his labours. You see what an accurate beginning here is, perfectly adapted to *History*, and suited to this species of writing. Entering then, a little into his work, he compares our governor to Achilles, and the Persian king to Therfites. Not considering that it would be more glorious for his Achilles to kill an *Hector* rather than Therfites, and that a *brave* man should fly in order to be pursued by a braver. He then introduces an encomium on himself, letting us know how qualified he is to write the history of such splendid actions. Thence he proceeds to extol his country, Miletus, in that giving himself the preference to Homer, who makes no mention of his own country. And towards the end of the preface, he plainly and explicitly promises that he will greatly heighten *our* actions, and will make war on the Barbarians to the utmost of his power. His history, with the explanation of the cause of the war, he thus begins,  
“ *The*



"*The wicked Vologesus, who merits the severest punishments, began the war on this account.*" And so he proceeds.

Another who affects to be a close imitator of Thucydides, following his pattern, begins, like him, with his own name, the most pleasing of all beginnings, and most redolent with *Attic Thyme*, as thus, "*Crepertius Calpurnianus Pompeiopolitanus* wrote the history of the war between the Parthians and the Romans, with their various engagements, beginning from the time of its breaking out."——After thus setting off, why should I mention the rest to you; how he harangued in Armenia, introducing the great orator himself of Corcyra? Or what a plague he brought upon the Nisibenæ for not joining the Romans; borrowing every thing from Thucydides except his Pelasgicum, and long walls where those who were then afflicted dwelt. As to every thing else, beginning at Ethiopia, he brought it down to Egypt, and from thence, into the extensive dominions of the Persian king; and very happily stopped there.——So I leave him burying the wretched Athenians in Nisibis, well knowing how he would proceed in my absence. For it is now grown familiar with them to imagine they write like Thucydides, if with a small alteration they make use of his own words, even his minutenesses, as,

“ you may say ;” “ not for that reason ;” “ by Jove ;” “ I was near omitting ;” and such like. The same author describing their arms and machines, calls them after the Roman manner, *fossæ*, *pontes*, and so forth. Only consider the dignity of that history, and how worthy of Thucydides it must be where attic names are interlarded with Italian, (as if to set off purple ;) how becoming, and how consonant !

Another of them collecting a mere journal of facts, low and insipid, worthy only of a common soldier putting down the daily occurrences, or a sutler who travelled with the army. This fool, however, is more tolerable than the others, for it quickly appears what he is ; only one who does the drudgery work for a person who delights in, and is qualified for writing history. The only fault I find with such a person, is that he gives a more pompous title to his book than it deserves. “ *The Parthian History, wrote by Callimophus, physician to the sixth regiment of stear-men.*” And the number of each book is subscribed, to which he has added a very stupid preface, by Jove, with this conclusion, “ *That history writing is natural to physicians, since Æsculapius was the son of Apollo, who was president of the Muses, and master of all learning.*”—Beginning also in the Ionic strain, he immediately falls, without any reason  
that

that I can see for it, into the common stile, and after using *ἰνργεῖν* and *πείθω* and *ἐκόςαι* and *νέσσαι* the rest of the language is trite, and for the most part quite vulgar.

If I may presume to cite a wise man on this occasion, his name shall be a secret, but I will mention his opinions, and his first attempt to write at Corinth, which was beyond expectation good. For at the very first setting out, in the first entrance of his preface, he opens an argument with his readers, hastening to prove a very wise proposition, viz. "*That a wise man alone should attempt to write history.*" Soon after he pops out another syllogism, and then a third. In short, every species of argument was worked into his preface with flattery sufficient to make one sick. His encomiums were violent, vulgarly parasitical, not without syllogism indeed, but they were argumentative and collected. But it seemed to me very impertinent and by no means becoming a philosopher with a long thick beard, to declare in his preface, "*That our prince would have this honour, that even philosophers deigned to write his history.*" For this, (if true) should have been left to us to have said, rather than have come from himself.

Neither shall I pass him by, who thus begins, "I write the war between the Romans and the Persians," and a little  
after,

after, "The Persians must needs perish," and again, "Osroes what the Græcians call Oxyroes,"; and many such expressions. How like is he to him I have mentioned before, who imitates Thucydides as this one does Herodotus.

Another, celebrated for his power of language, being equal at least, if not superior to Thucydides, is most exact and energetical too, in his own opinion, in describing every city, and every mountain, plain, and river. He introduces also, "*May the averter of evil turn it on our enemies.*" His cold is more intense than the Caspian snow, or the Celtic ice. A whole book was scarce sufficient to describe his general's shield, with the gorgon on the boss, and her azure, white and black eyes. His belt also like the rain bow, and dragons twining on his wheels or plaited like hair. And as to to Vologesus's trappings and his horses, bit, O Hercules! How many verses did they cost him. Of what kind Osroes, hair was when he swam across the Tygris, and into what sort of a cave he fled, where the ivy, the myrtle, and the laurel intertwined, combined to render it a dark recess. You observe how necessary all this is to history, and that without them we could not rightly comprehend what was going on.——

From

From their inability to choose out the most useful particulars, and their ignorance of what should be mentioned, they have recourse to these descriptions of countries and caves; and whenever they fall in with a variety of great actions, are like a slave, who is suddenly become rich by being left heir to his master, who neither knows how to put on his cloaths properly, nor to sup with decency; but being much embarrassed by the fowls, pork, and hares before him, crams himself with sauces and savouries till he is ready to burst. Thus, he, whom I have mentioned, describes wounds that are quite *incredible*, and deaths which are absurd. How one immediately expired by a wound he received on his *big toe*. And how twenty seven of the enemy were killed only by the shout of the general *Priscus*. And even as to the number of the slain, he also falsifies in contradiction to the generals letters. For of the enemy, he said, there died three hundred and seventy thousand two hundred and six, and of the Romans, but two, and nine wounded.—What man in his senses could endure this?

I must not also fail to observe, and it is no trifle, that from his affection of writing in the *attic* style, and his attention to be exactly *pure* in his expressions, he has thought proper to coin *Roman names*, and then



then to change them into Greek ones. Thus, *Saturninus*, he calls Κρονος *Fronto*, he calls Φρόντιν, *Titianus*, Τίτανος, and many others more ridiculous. This great man tells us, that every one else was deceived as to *Severianus's* death, says that he had died by the sword, whereas he starved himself, for this he looked upon as the mildest death. Not knowing that his whole sufferings continued, I think, but three days, whereas of those who die for want of food, many linger out seven days.

But, O good Philo, where shall we class those who introduce poetical expressions into their history, as “The machine re-  
“founded, and the tottering wall thun-  
“dered greatly.” And again, in another part of this fine history “Edeffa clashed  
“again with arms, and there was Οτταβος  
“and Κορυβος, (noise and tumult) every  
“where, and the general was perplexed  
“with care, how he might best approach  
“the walls.”—And with this he associates low common expressions fit only for the meanest mouths, such as Στρατοπεδαρχης wrote to his lord; the soldiers bought Ευχρηξοντα and ηδη λελαμμενοι περι αυτης εγινοντο. And such expressions. So that the whole piece seemed like a tragedian with one foot braced with a lofty buskin, and the other in a slipper.

Others again you may see writing splendid, pompous, and wonderfully sublime  
prefaces,

*prefaces*, so that you undoubtedly expect to hear something very great ; whereas the body of their history is poor and diminutive, resembling therein a child, (if ever you have seen Cupid so playing) with a great mask of Hercules or Titan on his head. So that instantly the hearers exclaim, *the mountain in labour*. But instead of writing thus they should take care to have every thing similar and of the same complexion, and the body proportioned to the head ; not to have a golden helmet and a ridiculous breast plate of rags or of rotten skins, with an ozier shield and board-skin buskins. For you may find many such writers who clap the head of the Rhodian Colossus on a dwarf's body ; while on the contrary there are others who introduce headless trunks ; and without any kind of preface hurry on to the main work ; making Xenophon their associate, who thus begins, " Darius and Parisatis had two " sons ;" and some others of the antients. As they know not that these writers have introduced into their works what contains the essence of a preface, though unperceived by the generality ; as I shall shew at another time.

But all these faults, either in language or in any other particular, may be endured ; but to falsify with respect even to the  
very

very situation of the places, not as to Parafangs\*, but even whole days† journeys; to what good end is this? One of them so carelessly manages the business, that without enquiry of any Syrian, or (according to the proverb) attending to the stories told in the barber's shop, speaking of the city of Europus he thus proceeds, "Europus is in Mesopotamia, two days journey from the Euphrates, and was founded by the people of Edeffa." Nor did this satisfy him, for the worthy man in the same book taking my native city Samosata, transplants it with its citadel and walls into Mesopotamia also, that it might be shut in by both rivers, which running near it on each side almost washed its walls. It would therefore be ridiculous in me now, O Philo, to assure you that I am neither a Parthian nor a Mesopotamian, with whom this wonderful man, by transportation, has ingrafted me.

The same is the person who gives us the very probable story of Severianus, swearing he had it from one of those who fled from the action, viz. "That he neither chose to die by the sword, or to drink poison, or to hang himself;" but contrived a death that was both tragical and new. He happened to have some large

\* About five miles.

† Twenty five miles. drinking

drinking tumblers of most beautiful glass. When therefore he knew that he must die, breaking the largest of them, cutting his throat with one of the splinters, he thus killed himself. So he furnished him with neither dagger nor lance, to make his death manly and heroick.

Then because Thucydides made a funeral oration upon those who fell first in battle, he also thought it necessary to say something over Severianus. (For all their contest was with Thucydides, who had nothing to say to the misfortunes in Armenia. Burying Severianus then very pompously, he makes one Afranius Silo, a Centurion, ascend the tomb, (as Pericles's rival) who harangued so much and in such a manner, that I swear by the graces he made me cry again with laughing; especially when the orator Afranius weeping through compassion towards the end of the speech enumerated the costly suppers and libations; and crowned the whole with something stolen from the story of Ajax. For drawing his sword quite genteely and as became Afranius, he killed himself on the tomb before them all. Worthy, indeed, by Mars, to have died long before if he could so harangue. The spectators, says he, at sight of this were amazed, and highly extolled Afranius; but as I have found fault with him

him for other things, for only not mentioning the gravy and dishes, and crying at recollecting the sweet meats, so do I chiefly blame him for not having put to death the writer and inventer of this fable before he killed himself.

Having mentioned but a few to you, my friend, out of the many that I could enumerate, I shall now proceed to the second thing I proposed, and shew you how a person may write better. For there are some who through folly and inexperience either quite omit, or hurry over things of the greatest moment and most worthy to be recorded, and through ignorance of what they should choose and what pass over elaborately dwell upon the veriest trifles. As if one should neither look at nor praise or describe to those who had not seen it, the compleat beauty of the Olympian Jove, such and so various as it is; but should admire the workmanship and fine polish of the pedestal, and proportion of the base, and describe it with great care.

I have heard of one who ran over the battle of Euripus in seven lines, but took up twenty hours or more in a cold, uninteresting narrative, "How a Moorish horseman, Maufacas by name, wandering for thirst, through the mountains, surpriz-

"ed



“ ed some country Scythians at their dinners; and though at first he had alarmed them, yet understanding afterwards that he was a friend, they hospitably received him; for by accident one of them travelled in his company to Mauritania, where he had a brother a soldier.” He then goes on with a long tedious story of his “ hunting in Mauritania and seeing many elephants feeding together, of his being near devoured by a lion, and what large fish he bought at Cæsaræa.” And this wonderful writer, omitting the great slaughter at Europus, the invasions and necessary truces, the marches and counter marches, loiters till late in the evening, seeing Malchion the Syrian getting a bargain of very large scare-fish; and had not the night approached he probably would have supped with him, as the fish were now ready. All which we should have been quite ignorant of if he had not carefully noted it in his history, and the Romans had received an intollerable loss, if Maufacas when thirsty had found no drink, but had returned supperless to the army. And indeed how many much more ridiculous things have I designedly passed by? As how a piper came to them from the next village; how they interchanged presents with each other, the Moor presenting Malchion

chion with a spear, and he giving Maufacas a button; with many other things concerning the battle of Europus, of which these are the chief. One therefore might justly say of these writers, that they do not see the *Rose*, but clearly discern the *Thorns* at its roots.

Another, my Philo, who was also very ridiculous, having never put a single foot out of Corinth, nor gone even as far as Chencræa, nor had ever seen Armenia or Syria, thus begins, as I well remember;—  
“The ears are less faithful than the eyes,  
“I therefore write of what I have seen,  
“not of what I have heard.”—And so accurately does he see every thing, as to tell us, “that the *Dragons* among the Parthians.” (Now this word among them is a *numerical* sign, and denotes a person who commands a thousand men,) “That the *live dragons* of Persia, a little above Iberia, were very great. That tying these on long poles they carry them aloft, and strike terror with them even at a distance; but in time of action, when they come to close engagement, having loosened them, they slip them at the enemy; that many of our men were devoured by them; and that others, being encircled by them, were strangled and squeezed to death. And all this  
“he

" he himself saw at no great distance,  
 " 'though in safety, making his observa-  
 " tions from an high tree. And he did  
 " well not to come to close engagement  
 " with those beasts, as we might have lost  
 " so *wonderful* a writer, one who with his  
 " own hand performed in the war so many  
 " great and surprising actions, having  
 " greatly exposed himself, and being  
 " wounded at Sura;" as he went, un-  
 doubtedly from the Craneum to Lerna.—  
 All this he read in the hearing of the Co-  
 rinthians, who were well assured that he  
 had never seen even the *picture* of a battle  
 drawn on the wall. Nay he did not even  
 know the arms, nor the forms of the ma-  
 chines, nor the terms made use of in mar-  
 shalling and disposing an army; calling a  
 direct Phalanx an oblique one, and the  
 wings the van.

Another excellent person comprehended  
 in scarce five hundred lines every thing  
 that was done from the beginning to the  
 end of the war either in Armenia, Syria,  
 Mesopotamia, the Tygris, or in Media; and  
 called this an History. To which he gave  
 a title almost as long as the whole work.  
 " *The Narration of Antiochianus, Conqueror*  
 " *in the sacred Games of Apollo,* (for I be-  
 " lieve he had won a race when a boy) *of*  
 " *the Exploits of the Romans in Armenia,*  
 " *Mesopotamia and Media.*"

I have

I have even heard of one who wrote an history of *what was to happen*; the captivity of Vologesus; the death of Osroes, who was to be thrown to the lions; and what pleased us above all, a *triumph*. In this prophetick stile he hurried on to the end of his history. He has already built a city, the *greatest for greatness*, and the *most beautiful for beauty*, in Mesopotamia; but is yet debating and doubting whether he shall call it *Nikaia*, from *Victory*, or *Omonoia*, or *Eirenia*. As this is not yet determined, this beautiful city is nameless, groaning under the trifling and filth of the writer. As to the Indian affairs he promises to write about them soon, and of the circumnavigation of the eastern sea. Nor is this only a promise, since his preface to India is already wrote; the third Legion, the Celtæ, and a small body of Moors having already passed the Indus under Cassius. But what they shall do there, and how they will receive the attack of the elephants, is what the wonderful writer will shortly acquaint us with from *Muzurides* or *Oxydracæ*.

Thus do they play the fool through *ignorance*, having never seen any thing worth seeing; neither if they had are they capable of mentioning them as they deserve conceiving and feigning, as they say, what-  
ever

ever comes in the way of their impertinent tongue. They are however very honest and exact in the number of their books, and particularly in their contents; which are very ridiculous;—" *So many books of the Parthian victories* by somebody."—Also the "*first and second παρθικός*," like Αρθικός. Another more ridiculous; for I have met with Δημητρίω Σαγαλασίως Παρθονικά. Nor do I mean to turn into ridicule such meritorious histories, but only for its use, as whoever shall avoid these and such like things, will have made a good advance towards writing well, or rather will want very little to perfect him. If that be a true Logical position, that by removing one of the two premisses, where there is no middle term, you confirm the other.

One may now say the place is carefully cleared for you, all the briars and thorns are cut down, the rubbish of others is carried off, and if there was any roughness and unevenness before, it is now made smooth; so that you may now begin to build for yourself, and thereby shew that you are not only able to pull down what others have erected, but also strike out something of your own, which no one, not even Momus himself can find fault with.

I say then, that an excellent historian should have two capital qualifications, *political*



*ticel genius*, and a *command of language*. The one is an unteachable gift of nature. But *eloquence* may be acquired by constant exercise, incessant labour, and an emulation of the antients. The first therefore is *unartful*, and stands not in need of my advice. For this treatise of mine does not promise to give understanding and sharpness to those who have them not naturally. To be able to make such a reformation and change would be as inestimable, as to have the power of transmuting lead into gold, tin into silver, or to make a Conon a Te-tormus, or Leotrophides a Milo.

Wherein then lies the use of this art and advice? It is not intended to create what men should have naturally, (*i. e.* genius and prudence,) but teach the possessor how to make a proper use of them. Thus, for instance, no Iccus or Herdicus, or Theon, or any other wrestling master, receiving a Perdiccas into his school, (if it was he who falling in love with his step-mother pined away, and not Antigonus the son of Seleucus, who fell desperately in love with Stratonice) would undertake to render him victor in the Olympick games, and capable of opposing a Theagenes of Thassus, or a Polydamus of Scotyssum. But would only promise to give him proper instructions for acquiring skill in the art,

art, that by practice he might become more eminent. Far be from us, then, the odium of such a declaration as to pretend that we have found out a certain method of performing so great and difficult a work. We do not profess to make whoever we may light on a writer; but only to point out some proper directions to one who has a good natural genius and an happy command of words; if those may be called proper, by which the person who uses them will more expeditiously and easily finish and come to the end of what he was about.

You will not, I am sure, affirm that the person of Genius wants no instruction in an art with which he is not acquainted. Equally without instruction might he play upon the harp, pipes, and every other instrument; but we find that without learning he can draw no musick out of them; still with a master's help he easily learns them, and arrives at perfection under him.

Let then such a scholar be given to us, intelligent, and with a command of words, sharp sighted, and capable of managing affairs himself, if intrusted with them; having a military turn joined to a political knowledge, and not unacquainted with the duty of a general; who also has made

G

campaign,

campaign, and has been present at an engagement, or at least has seen an army drawn up, knows the names of the arms, and of some of the machines ; understands what is to be done on the wings, and what in the front, how the battalions, and how and in what manner the squadrons are to be disposed ; knows what it is to advance forward, and what to wheel about. Give us, in short, none of your home-bred fellows, who can only credit what they hear.

But chiefly and above all, let him be of a free and generous disposition, biased neither by hopes nor fear ; because if he was he would be like partial judges, bribed to determine as friendship or enmity directed. Let it not grieve him then that Philip's eye was shot out before Olynthus by Asteres, the son of Amphipolitus, but let him describe the man as he was. Neither let him be concerned that Alexander kills Clytus at a feast ; let him only relate the fact clearly. Let not Cleon, the powerful in the assembly, and prevalent in the rostrum, deter him from calling him a vicious madman. Or if he chooses to write of their distresses in Sicily, let not the whole city of Athens prevent him from mentioning Demosthenes being taken prisoner, and the death of Nycias ; how they were distressed

distressed by thirst, what water they had to drink, and what numbers died of drinking it.—For he will suppose what is really the case, that none but a madman will blame for relating unfortunate or imprudent transactions just as they happened. For he is not the author of those things, but only the recorder. If therefore those generals were conquered at sea, he does not subdue them, if they fly, he is not their pursuer. Therefore he should omit no particular, except, it may be, his own vows for their safety. For if either by silence, or by representing things differently, it was possible to amend what happened, Thucydides might with one small quill have destroyed the fortifications at Epipolæ, have sunk Hermocrates's galley, and killed the wicked Gylippus while he was fortifying and intrenching the ways. In fine, have confined the Syracusians, and suffered the Athenians to subdue both Sicily and Italy, according to Alcibiades's first hope. But I think that neither Cloto can unrol, or Atropos revert what once happened.

The Historian has but one work; to relate facts just as they happen. But this cannot be done as long as his physician \* stands in awe of Artaxerxes, or expects the

\* Etesias.

purple candys, or golden necklace, or a Nisæan horse, as a reward of his historick flattery. Xenophon that *just* historian, did not do so, nor Thucydides; and 'though they might bear a private grudge to particulars, yet they thought themselves more tied down to the community than to gratify their revenge, and preferred truth far above their enmity. Neither did they ever spare offenders through friendship. For, as I said, whoever attempts to write history, should regard *truth alone*, and regardless of any thing else, pay his devotion only to her. And in short, *this* is our only exact rule and direction, to respect not your present hearers or readers, but to regard the opinions of those into whose hands your book may hereafter fall.

For if any one regards the present times only he will justly be ranked amongst the *number* of flatterers whom history long ago, even from its very birth, renounced no less than the Gymnastick art does the finical body. There is a saying of Alexander's handed down to us; "I would  
 " gladly, O, Onisicoates, says he, come to  
 " life again after having been sometime  
 " dead, that I might know what *posterity*  
 " will think of your history of me. Donot  
 " be surprized that these of our own time  
 " admire and are delighted with it, for  
 " they



“ they are in hopes of gaining a greater  
 “ share of my favourable opinion by load-  
 “ ing their hook thick with such bate.”  
 Many also give credit to Homer, (though  
 he has undoubtedly invented many things  
 of Achilles) relying on this one circum-  
 stance as the strongest proof of his veraci-  
 ty. *that he did not write of any person then*  
*living,* and therefore they could not ima-  
 gine why he should have recourse to fal-  
 hood.

Let this, my writer, then be *dauntless*, not  
 to be corrupted, free, a lover of truth and  
 bold speaking; who will call a fig a fig,  
 and a boat a boat; giving up nothing through  
 friendship or hatred; not too apt to spare  
 or pity, or affected by shame or bashful-  
 ness. Let him be an equitable judge, and  
 well-disposed to all. so as not to give any  
 more than their right. In his writings let  
 him appear a stranger of no city, his own  
 law-giver, subject to nothing, not regard-  
 ing what this person or that person may  
 think, but relating the real facts.

Thucydides therefore wisely laid down  
 this rule, and distinguished historick virtue  
 from vice, (seeing Herodotus in such es-  
 teem as to have his books named even  
 from the Muses.) Saying, “ That he  
 “ wrote rather for a lasting inheritance  
 “ than for a present contest; neither did

“ he choose to fabulize, but to hand the  
“ facts down to posterity as they really  
“ happened.”—Adding, that a man of  
sense would propose some moral, good end  
in his history; that if similar circumstances  
should occur hereafter, men might be  
taught how to behave properly in their  
present situation, by what is pointed out  
to them in former histories.

May I meet with a writer of this stamp;  
who is not violently attached to that lan-  
guage and force of eloquence which is sharp  
and vehement, with a continuation of pe-  
riods, and a confusion of arguments, and  
other parts of rhetorick; but sits down to  
write with a more peaceable temper. Let  
him have a well ordered mind, endowed  
with solid understanding, and let his lan-  
guage be plain and polite, so as to make  
his subject easy to be understood.

Having thus placed freedom and truth as  
checks upon the writer's genius, so also  
with respect to his language, let it be his  
principle aim to make what he writes plain  
and clear, neither using unknown or out of  
the way terms, nor trite common vulgar  
expressions, but let it be such as the vul-  
gar may understand, and the learned ap-  
prove of. Let it be ornamented with fi-  
gures not too turgid or far-fetched; other-  
wise his narration will be like soup over-  
spiced.

Let

Let him also be acquainted with poetry, and use poetical expressions, since the language of history should be grand and elevated, particularly in describing armies or battles by land or sea. For then she will require a poetick blast to swell her sails, and carry her bark aloft over the summit of the waves. Let his language, however, be simple when he is to relate beautiful and great actions, which seem to require to be raised and equalled by the diction as much as possible; but let it not corrupt, nor above measure enthusiastick. For then is he in the greatest danger of exceeding his bounds, and of rushing into *poetick frenzy*. Then should they particularly obey the rein, and be prudent; knowing, that as horses may be too spirited, so words may be too much raised. It would be better, therefore, if the elocution should attend the genius, as if on horse-back, in an hand-gallop, still holding by the pummel of the saddle, lest he be thrown by his impetuosity.

And in your composition of names make use of such as are moderate and well known, neither too distracted and separated, (for that is harsh,) nor ending for the most part in rhyme, as they generally do. The one is faulty, the other disagreeable to the hearers.

Neither

Neither should the facts be collected merely as they happened, but he should consider them often with labour and assiduity; he should chiefly dwell upon what he himself was present at and saw. If he cannot do that, then let him depend on those who give the most impartial accounts, and whom any one would pronounce to have neither swelled nor diminished their accounts through favour or aversion. And next on him who is clearest in his conjectures, and produces the strongest arguments for his probabilities.

And when he has collected all or most of his facts, let him first form them into a commentary, a body without beauty or regularity. Afterwards, let him reduce them into order, beautify them, add the colouring of expression, suit his language to them and dispose them properly.

In short, let him be like Homer's Jupiter, one time beholding the warlike Thracians, at another time the Mysians; so let him sometimes attend to the Roman affairs, and from his lofty abode, acquaint us how things appear to him; and let him sometimes regard the Parthians, and if they come to an engagement, let him observe both parties. And in drawing them up, let him not attach himself only to one party, or to one horseman or footman,  
unless

unless a *Bresides* advances, or a *Demosthenes* opposes his ascent. Let him attend chiefly to the commanders, hear their orders, and point out how, or with what design and intention they issued them. And when they engage, let him shew both parties equally, and weigh their actions justly, as in a ballance; let him pursue with the pursuers, and fly with them that really fly.

And let him be moderate in all this, and not make us sick with his unskilfulness and childishness, but do every thing gently; and after dwelling for a time on some things, let him, if necessary, turn to others. Which having finished, let him again return to what he left, if they require it, and let him hasten to relate his facts, and if possible, keep time with them. Let him fly from Armenia to Media, and from thence with the rapidity of an arrow, to Iberia, from thence to Italy, that he may not lose time.

His mind should be exactly like a looking-glass, sedate, clear, and quite concentrical, to represent the facts received just as he conceives them to be, not preposterous, discoloured, or disfigured.—For an historian does not write like a rhetorician; what he is to recount are already told, for they are facts. He ought, indeed,

to



to reduce them to order and relate them. He is not, therefore, to invent what to say, but only to consider how to relate properly, " what has been done." In short, we should consider an historian in the same light with a Praxiteles, or Phydias, or Alcamenus, or some such statuary. For they do not make the gold, or silver, or ivory, or other materials which they make use of. These are provided for them by the people of Elis perhaps, or by the Athenians, or the Argives; their business is only to form, cut, polish, join together, fit, and adorn the ivory with flowers of gold; their art consists only in properly disposing their materials. Such also is the historians work; to arrange his facts in a beautiful order, and to display them in the most conspicuous manner. And when the hearer imagines he actually sees the things that are related, and therefore praises the writer, then his work confers great and peculiar honour on this historical Phidias.

Having then all things prepared, let him sometimes begin without a preface, when the subject does not require one to explain something before hand; and his relating the facts clearly, will be a good substitute for a preface.

If he uses a preface, let him not, like the Rhetoricians, take three heads, but be content

content with two; and passing by benevolence, let him only require attention and comprehension in his hearers. Their *attention* he will command, if they are satisfied that he is going to recite either what is *great* or *necessary*, or what concerns ourselves, or is useful. And he will make what is to follow easy to be comprehended and plain, by explaining the causes, and reducing his facts to certain heads.

The best historians make use of such prefaces. Thus, *Herodotus*—"That such great and wonderful actions, which display the Græcian victories, and the defeats of the Barbarians, may not be blotted out by time."—*Thucydides* also, "As I hope this war will be esteemed great and worthy to be recounted, and of more consequence than any that preceded it, as containing in it many severe distresses."

It is a great matter that the preface be long or short as suits the subject. But let it be neat, and the transition to the main work *natural*. For the body of your history must be long. Let it be, therefore, set off by the excellence of the narration, preceding it gently and uniformly, and of a piece with it, so as neither to exceed or fall short of it. Let also perspicuity flourish in your language, being, as I before said, worked into the complication of your subject; for it will render every thing

thing free and perfect. And the first being complete, it will so introduce the next, which adheres, and is as it were chained to it, as never to be separated from it; nor will they seem different narratives depending one on the other; but the first will appear not only near to, but even closely connected and blended all through with the latter.

Brevity, alas! is above all things necessary, especially if it does not proceed from a want of matter. And this is to be acquired, not so much by names and words, as by facts; I mean by running over small insignificant matters, and dwelling on what are great. Many things also, must be passed over. For if you gave a feast to your friends, when all was ready you would not introduce sprats and pulse amidst delicacies and so many dishes of birds, wild boars, hairs, and panches, although they were at hand; but would overlook these meaner things.

You must be particularly moderate in your description of mountains, or cities, or rivers, lest you should ignorantly seem to make a parade of words, and to be taken up with self, forgetting your history; but rather slightly pass them over for the sake of propriety and perspicuity, making your escape from their intangling charms; as  
you

you see the great *Homer* has done, for though he was a poet, he ran over Tantalus, Ixion, Tilyus and the rest. What though Parthenius, or Euphorius, or Calimachus have told us in I don't know many verses of Tantalus's bringing the water to his lips, or in how many more of Ixion's circumvolutions? Yet do you rather follow *Thucydides* example, who seldom falls into this error. Observe, how concise he is, whether he describes a machine, or explains the manner of a siege, (however necessary or useful they may be), or the form of *Epipole*, or the gate of *Syracuse*. And when he gives an account of the plague, and seems to be tedious, consider with yourself, and you will see his expedition; and that though he avoided it, yet the great variety of the facts retained him.

If, at any time, you are obliged to introduce any of your characters making a speech, let it be quite adapted to the person, and suited to the subject. Let it also be most perspicuous, and then you may shew your oratory and power of language.

Let your praises or censures be very sparing and guarded, without malevolence, and carrying conviction; let them be also brief, and not unseasonably introduced;  
for

for this is not in a law court. Otherwise you will fall into Theopompus's error, who maliciously accused many, and often digressed in order to support his accusations, instead of going on with the history.—

And if any story comes across you, relate it, but do not assert the truth of it, but leave it doubtful, that every one may determine as they please, while you will be safe, and devoted to neither party.

But above all, remember this one thing, (and I will often remind you of it,) that you do not write merely for the present times, that those who are not alive may praise and honour you; but contending for the applause of every age, write rather for posterity, and from them expect the reward of your labour, when it shall be said of you,—“ This indeed was a man of spirit and freedom, who was neither a flatterer nor a servile cringer, but always adhered to truth.” A wise man would prefer this to all the short-lived pleasures he can at present enjoy.

You know what the Enydian architect did. Having built the tower of Tharos, a most excellent and magnificent work, designed by keeping a fire on its top, to be a signal to mariners far out at sea, that they might not run on Parætonium, a most dangerous



gerous shore, and from which, as I am told, there is no escaping if one falls in with it; when the work was finished, he cut his own name on the inside of the *stone itself*, and covering it over with a Calx and concealing it, he inscribed the king's name on the Calx, knowing that in a little time the inscription would fall off with the covering, and discover, "*Softratus, the son of Dexiphanes the Enydian, to the preserving gods for those whom the waves bring here.*"—So that he had regard not only to that particular time, or his short life, but even to the time now present, and to all future times, as long as the tower shall stand and his art remain.

So likewise should an historian write, with an attention to truth and a desire of future praise, rather than with flattery, to reap the sweets of present applause. This, therefore, is the rule and line of history, by which, if writers will be directed, they will do well, and please us. If not, *The tub will be still rolling in the Cranium.*

T H E E N D.

My Lords, and Gentlemen, I have the honor to acknowledge the great favor you have done me, in calling for an account of the proceedings of the Committee, appointed to enquire into the state of the Poor Laws, and the manner in which the same are administered. I have the honor to acknowledge also, the great pains you have taken, in order to bring this matter to the knowledge of the House, and the public. I have the honor to acknowledge, that you have been very anxious to know, whether the Poor Laws are administered in a manner, which is consistent with the principles of justice, and the interests of the Poor. I have the honor to acknowledge, that you have been very anxious to know, whether the Poor Laws are administered in a manner, which is consistent with the principles of justice, and the interests of the Poor. I have the honor to acknowledge, that you have been very anxious to know, whether the Poor Laws are administered in a manner, which is consistent with the principles of justice, and the interests of the Poor.

W. H. H. H.

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